

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS PAPER

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REST NO LOSS.

THE necessity of rest has been but slowly recognized as a fact of almost universal application. Our college professors were assiduous to teach us the prosody of the old Roman poet's line,

"*Apollo non semper tendit arcum,*"

but they entirely forgot the more important lesson which lay beneath. Apollo was a physician as well as a hunter, and when he unstrung his bow after a day's toil, he recognized that the instrument was bent by the labor of the prolonged hunt; that its elasticity was gone—temporarily, indeed, if allowed to re-

cover by being unstrung, but for ever lost if persistently kept on the stretch.

And yet, with these beautiful words running in their minds, the teachers of mankind have not recognized men's skulls to be the bow and the twanging strings to be the plastic brain, and they have spurred on their young classes of ambitious ones, till the head has ached and the wits have become muddled and human nature has succumbed under the prolonged strain.

The Nineteenth Century has, however, begun to see more clearly. It has noted that the insensate tool, the apparently motionless, unconscious piece of steel fashioned into a

razor, requires rest—a season for repose. Every one who uses a razor will have perceived

that now and then this implement becomes entirely impracticable for use. In vain do we strop it and strop it upon all sides of our strop, on the palm of our hand—even Webster's Dictionary and the cover of the family Bible are powerless to sharpen this razor for use. In a spirit not entirely of resignation we throw aside this evidently valueless razor, "that has seen its best days—which is, in fact, quite worn out," as we say to ourselves—and try another. Six months later, we are induced to take up anew our till-then-neglected friend, and are astonished to find how perfectly it cuts

again. Now, if, on casting the razor away so madly, we had looked at the edge with a microscope, we should have found the alternate particles of steel which form the edge standing awry, and entirely opposed to the normal symmetry of the sharp and reliable tool. A second examination will evince the fact that time has effected the change which had withstood the efforts of compulsion, and has restored the particles of steel to their proper position.

Now, the throbbing brain of the scholar, the excited merchant, the lawyer, preacher or thoughtful physician, requires a rest as markedly as the razor's edge, to restore to it



NEW JERSEY.—SUDDEN FORMATION OF A CREVASSE IN THE BANK OF THE MORRIS AND ESSEX CANAL, NEAR THE VILLAGE OF BROADWAY, JUNE 19TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. A. KRUEHL.
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the exhausted electricity and renovate the decomposing elements. So we see the European steamers loaded down with exhausted judges and overwrought thinkers and spent doctors, who have thrown aside the fetters of daily toil, and escaped from the lashing thongs of business, to rest and recuperate their nervous energies. And none need this relief more than the indefatigable mother and house-keeper, whose petty toil and daily avocation are more mind-harrowing and body-wearing than the larger and more diversified occupations of man in his out-of-door and varied pursuits.

The woman who would find real rest during a Summer's heat, should not undertake to keep a country-house for the entertainment of her city friends, nor the care of marrying off her daughters, fast approximating the end of their "teens," at a fashionable watering-place.

Change of air is not nearly so beneficial as change of care, by dropping it entirely off the shoulders, upon somebody else, and standing once again erect in the plenitude of strength, not weighed down by any occupation. The relief from the persistent responsibility and the incessant duties of a head of a family is inexpressible, and the man is either a brute or a pauper that refuses her this relaxation of the "overstrained bow."

The "ten-hour system" has some ameliorating results upon some men, but, with many, fearful injuries and ill effects. Far better is a more prolonged labor, with an interval of some weeks' absolute change, than the petty gain from the hour dropped from daily toil, probably most generally wasted, if not made positively injurious by yielding to the temptations which always beset the idle.

The sixty years of life which Mr. Stewart annually gives away to his employés, is but nominal, for, in truth, they all return so thoroughly refreshed, so buoyant and inspired, that the accomplished result is greater than it would have been without this recuperating rest.

The Summer holiday is not, then, a dissipation and a waste, no more than the obscurity of the sun by the rain-laden clouds arrests the growth of the plants; for do they not find that the time lost by the darkness and the coldness of the storm is more than compensated for by its refreshing results?

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WITH this number is given an illustrated SUPPLEMENT, containing further chapters of the Continuation to DICKENS'S Novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

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PROPOSED REVOLUTION OF INTERNAL COMMERCE.

EVEN in times distinguished by such enterprises as the Pacific Railroad and the Suez Canal, we may occasionally turn with interest toward another work, which, in its early days, and they were not very long ago, formed an epoch not less remarkable among the great achievements of mankind.

We allude, and we might almost say "of course," to the Erie Canal—an enterprise which, at its commencement, even Thomas Jefferson, ardent and progressive as he was for his age, said that the State of New York had "undertaken a century too soon"—never imagining that he would live to see it accomplished, as it was accomplished in the year before his death. And indeed the boldest

thinkers of that period might well have doubted the expediency of such an enterprise at such a time—a work so gigantic for those days—undertaken by a new State, with small pecuniary resources for overcoming the difficulties of canalizing between the ocean and inland waters, surrounded mostly by primitive forests and savage hordes.

The connection of the Atlantic with the Great Lakes did indeed make a notable mark in human progress—an enterprise so far in advance of any artificial water-way then existent among Christian nations (the "heathen Chinese" and their ancient canals not being taken into account), that the action of our State acquired for our Nation considerable attention from Europeans, who had previously looked contemptuously at American pretensions and "Yankee notions."

Notwithstanding the insidious and powerful efforts of monopolizing railway speculators, who have long sought to control this great water-way, and thus destroy its competition for freightage, the current of public opinion happily renders it certain that the constitutional provision against its alienation by sale or lease will be faithfully maintained. The Canal System should always continue to be the property of the people of the State—one of their greatest sources of prosperity—one of their strongest safeguards against railway extortion. Its practical value advances with the increasing demand for facilities of transportation between the Atlantic seaboard and the interior regions. No subject connected with material prosperity should more fully command the careful attention of citizens generally and of legislators particularly. As everything done to promote the efficiency of the Canal System conduces to the prosperity of the community, the more thoroughly the subject is considered, the more will the people generally become impressed with the vast and growing importance of the heritage thus secured to them through the sagacity of the projector, and the enlightened policy of Clinton and his compeers.

But to render our Canal System worthy of its great "mission," it needs the application of steam in lieu of horse-power for traction. The enlargement of the water-way on the main routes offers facilities for steam navigation that should not longer remain unimproved. The increased depth, from four to seven feet—the widening from forty to seventy feet, and the consequent increase in size of boats, from forty or fifty tons to two hundred and fifty or three hundred—give satisfactory dimensions alike of canal and vessel for the operation of steam: and in connection with these questions of freight and water-way, it is interesting to recollect that the enlarged size of "boats" on the Erie and Oswego Canals places them on an equality with the average tonnage of the square-rigged vessels (ships and brigs) that transacted the ocean-commerce of New York and all other cities when the Erie Canal was commenced in 1817. Such are some of the great results of an "Enlargement" which cost four-fold more money than the original construction of the Erie and Oswego Canals.

Legislation and invention have now at last happily combined to effect the long-desired improvement. Two or three companies were chartered, more than a year ago, for introducing steam on the Canals. And the last Legislature condoned some of its sins by appropriating \$100,000 to encourage these and other companies, or independent inventors, for quickly bringing into use such steamers as may be best calculated to overcome the hitherto apparently insurmountable difficulty of increasing the speed without seriously abrading the banks of the Canals. Some one of the plans will, doubtless, be officially approved by the Canal authorities this season; for experiments, last Autumn, with a steamer of peculiar construction, demonstrated that double the present horse-power speed is attainable without injury to the Canals—as means are provided in the novel structure of one (if not more) of the experimental vessels for avoiding most of the usual swell of water in front of the advancing boat. One of these steamers proved, by a voyage last Autumn, that it could average fully double the speed attainable by the usual horse-traction—thus showing that one-half the space between the Lakes and tide-water may be virtually annihilated, so far as time is concerned—correspondingly reducing the cost of freightage. As the present horse-power speed does not average a mile and a half an hour, it does not appear to be a great achievement for steam to double that velocity. And yet, it is a very great improvement—more especially as the comparatively narrow body of water in Canals renders increased speed practically unattainable, owing to the "piling-up" of water in front of boats of the present construction. Quickened transit, far more than lessened "toll," is the great want on our Canals.

The magnitude of the proposed improvement can only be properly appreciated by people familiar with existing difficulties, and who recollect that, as the Erie Canal, even

with the present snail-pace of its five thousand boats, actually transports *more freight* in its short season of seven months than *three of the great railroads* (Central, Erie, and Pennsylvania) now move through the whole year! In short, the application of steam in Canal navigation, even with the moderate speed mentioned, would be equivalent to all the freightage that could be sent over double the number of those railways, *managed as they now are*, with their "mixed traffic" of freight and passengers—the freight-trains having to give way and delay on side-tracks while "Express" and "Lightning" trains are thundering onward every few hours.

It is alike remarkable and unfortunate that the Canals, on which the welfare of the city of New York so largely depends, and which is so very important to the people of the interior, receive now, and have always received, far less attention from our citizens than they deserve. The increasing competition of railroads between the Great West and several Seaboard Cities may, and certainly should, have the effect of arousing among us proper attention toward the greatest sources of prosperity for our Commercial Metropolis.

Yet, in saying this much for the Canal System, we must not be understood as doubting the capacity of a double-track freight railroad, running trains with *equal speed* (a vital principle), to transmit thrice as much tonnage through the year as even the Erie Canal, which now moves more tonnage than all the three great railroads above-mentioned, with their "mixed" freight and passenger-trains running at irregular speed—according to the statements of the "Cheap-Freight League," to which we alluded on former occasions.

The question of transportation, by land and water, involves so many important interests, that it may be, *must be*, considered as about the most serious topic of material improvement toward which the minds of statesmen and business-men should be quickly and strongly turned.

THE PROGRESS OF EMPIRE—PAST AND PROSPECTIVE.

INDICATIONS of the future, furnished by the progress of improvement westward as signalized in the efforts for constructing two more Trans-Continental Railroads (one, Southern, another, Northern) between the Atlantic and Pacific States, may well turn our attention occasionally toward the miracles accomplished within very brief period in a westerly direction. Reflecting on what has been, we may more readily imagine what may be, effected by well-directed enterprise under a liberal government.

When viewing our present vast possessions and the great extension of population and improvement in the Pacific regions, it is difficult to realize that, a single quarter-century ago, the United States owned not a solitary acre on the coasts of the Great Ocean. Our only recognized "claim" in those regions was then merely for a joint-occupancy with Great Britain of the wild country vaguely styled "the Oregon Territory." That "claim" was founded on the discovery, fifty years previously (1793), of the Oregon River, which Captain Gray, of New England, re-named after his good ship *Columbia*. The whole region was practically valueless to the United States for more than half a century after that memorable discovery—though, by agreement with Great Britain, which claimed possession by virtue of other discoveries, people of both nations were privileged to settle, or rather to hunt or traffic with the Indians—of which privilege, John Jacob Astor made early profit—the chief feature in his colossal fortune—by fur-buying speculations on the savages at a trading-port called Astoria.

Indeed, the Oregon region, in common with the Pacific coast of North America, was generally considered so far beyond the reach of civilization in those days, that Mr. Bryant, yet living and honored among us, actually quoted it, in one of his early poems, as an exemplar of primeval Solitude beyond the range of busy life—as about the most out-of-the-way place in all creation—where he mentions the Great River by its aboriginal name, in speaking of—

"The continuous woods where rolls the Oregon,
And knows no sound save its own dashings."

So little interest was popularly felt concerning that wild region—separated from us by what were then deemed insuperable difficulties in the Rocky Mountains, in the vast "unexplored deserts," and in the numerous savage tribes between the Mississippi and those mountains—that even Daniel Webster, during President Tyler's administration, was actually preparing to barter our Oregon "claim" with Great Britain, for some additional facilities in the fisheries along the Atlantic coast of the British-American possessions!

The remarkable agency by which this notable project of Secretary Webster was nullified, furnishes a curious chapter that may be told hereafter in illustration of the mighty effects occasionally produced by a right-thinking in-

dividual influenced by energy in a good cause. Suffice it now to repeat that, as late as 1843, our "claim" on the Pacific coast was deemed so unimportant, that our Government was preparing, Esau-like, to barter it for a mess of codfish.

After learning from an American missionary (the Rev. Mr. Bingham) something reliable about the real condition of the case—about the value of the Oregon region generally, and the practicability of intercourse with it through the Rocky Mountains, as well as across the "deserts" and "unexplored regions" shown on the maps (that patriotic clergyman having crossed the continent by a three months' horse-back ride, through Indian tribes and other difficulties, to give our rulers the information)—both Government and people quickly screwed up their courage to demand *entire* ownership in Oregon, from the Mexican-Californian boundary up to the Russo-American frontier of what is now called Alaska—excluding the British wholly from that coast. The shibboleth among some of our people then was, "Fifty-four forty or fight"—a favorite battle-cry with over-zealous partisans of President Polk, concurred in by many, if not most, of the adverse political party.

Although we got neither that boundary nor the luxury of "a fight," the United States happily succeeded in compromising the matter by an agreement securing to us exclusive dominion over the country between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast from the north boundary of California (then Mexican) up to the latitude of "49-30"—northward of which the British obtained exclusive control up to the then Russo-American southerly boundary of Alaska, in the latitude of "54-40."

For several years after thus peacefully obtaining a recognized foothold on the Pacific coast, however, we were somewhat in the condition of the man who drew an elephant in a lottery—we knew hardly what to do with our acquisition. Our new possessions furnished themes for spread-eagle orations about our "manifest destiny" and the "march of empire" westward: but practically the Oregon region was deemed so far beyond the reach of our people for any immediate useful purpose, that the whole affair still had rather a Utopian character in the popular mind.

Nor is this wonderful. The maps of those primitive times—some twenty years ago—exhibited vast intervening regions as "unexplored territory," or as "the Great American Desert," with those terrible Rocky Mountains presenting obstacles then said to be almost insurmountable even by our enterprising pioneers! The prospects of Pacific colonization for another century were so dark and repulsive to our people generally, that the Mormons, when driven from Illinois and Missouri, concluded to go beyond those "unexplored deserts" and among the Rocky Mountains (with a shrewd eye toward the Californian coast, which they hoped in time to conquer), as those secluded regions, where they might establish their Tabernacle—a refuge wherein they would never more be disturbed by the Yankee "Gentiles." And when one of our friends established the first Telegraph Range between the Atlantic States and the Mississippi River, at St. Louis, Keokuk, Davenport, Dubuque and other places, in 1847-8, there was so little settlement beyond the Father of Waters, that most people (including the Government) considered it utterly visionary then to think of extending further westward what he styled the "Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph"—the line between the Atlantic and the Mississippi being the "first division" thereof.

The marvelous rapidity with which the whole aspect of affairs was changed in these respects might well astonish alike the Mormons and the Gentiles—for it is one of the most remarkable features of this fast age. The conclusion of our Mexican war was followed by our acquisition of all Upper California; and, as the Mexican-Californian boundary included territory inward from the coast to the crest of the Rocky Mountains, the polygamous "saints" of Utah woke up one morning to find themselves back again under the Government from which they had but lately fled!—a double annoyance, inasmuch as it also shattered their schemes for occupying all California as a Mormon Nation, which they could soon have done if they had only the Mexican Government to contend with. The gold discoveries, about the same time, quickly turned immigration toward the California coast—Mormondom, instead of being "outside of civilization," being thus suddenly turned into a way-station on the route of the multitudes thronging to the auriferous regions.

See now the changes produced in the brief space of twenty odd years! Notwithstanding the drawbacks connected with such a civil war as the world never saw before, convulsing our whole nation with internal strife, the vast region between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean has been divided into organized States and Territories, and our boundaries pushed twelve hundred miles out into the Pacific Ocean, and up to the Arctic regions, by the acquisition of Alaska—with railroad facilities

transporting passengers in palace-cars within a week between New York and San Francisco, and with telegraphs that furnish news of the business-day of London and New York in time for the Californian merchants and bankers to "operate" fully on the news thus furnished before the close of their own business-day—New York telegrams including news of the London business-day up to three o'clock, being printed in San Francisco papers about noon—several hours before the apparent time at which they started, beating the sun itself in their transit across the continent!

The matters here briefly mentioned furnish themes worthy of special attention as signal illustrations of the practical wonders of this eventful age—themselves being exceeded by nothing in the history of human progress in any portion of the world. Reflection on what has been so quickly accomplished, in defiance of multitudinous obstacles, will better nerve our minds for estimating what even another quarter-century will probably develop in the regions of Mind and in the March of Empire.

BENEVOLENT AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS IN NEW YORK.

PART V.

THE ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL.

James H. Roosevelt, who died, in New York, in the year 1863, left by his will one million of dollars to found a hospital, which should be under the direction of the following-mentioned Trustees: The Presidents, *ex-officio*, of the New York Hospital, the College of Physicians and Surgeons, the New York Eye Infirmary, the De Witt Dispensary, and the New York Institution for the Blind; and, in addition to those *ex-officio* Trustees, the following gentlemen as Trustees in their private capacities—namely, James J. Roosevelt, Edwin Clark, John M. Knox, and Adrian H. Müller.

The institution was chartered in 1864; the corner-stone of the building was laid in October, 1869; and the first pavilion was completed and ready for occupancy in May, 1871.

The present Board of Officers is as follows: Edward Delafield, President; John M. Knox, Secretary; George T. Trimble, Treasurer; James J. Roosevelt, F. E. Mather, Royal Phelps, Edwin Clark, Augustus Schell, and Adrian H. Müller, Directors; and W. S. Butler, Clerk.

The ground appropriated to the Hospital is the entire block, bounded by Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth Streets, and the Ninth and Tenth Avenues.

The Hospital will be built on the pavilion plan, with an administration building in the centre of the plot, and two pavilions on each side. The Engine and Laundry building will stand in the rear of the centre. There will also be a Mortuary building, containing a Pathological Museum, Post-mortem Examination-room, Coroner's-room, etc.

The principal entrance will be in the central front on Fifty-ninth Street. Each of the four pavilions will be one hundred and seventy feet by thirty feet in the rear, and fifty-six feet in front; and the wards, twenty-seven feet by eighty-three, and fifteen feet high. The entire construction will be made fire-proof, heated by steam, and will contain all the modern improvements of gas, water, bathing, etc. The Hospital, when completed, will accommodate from two hundred and fifty to three hundred patients.

The basements of the several buildings will be of Greenwich blue-stone, with rock face; and above that, the walls will be of fine brick, with Ohio stone trimmings. The pavilions will be three stories high above the basement, and the central building, four stories.

THE STRANGERS' HOSPITAL.

The Strangers' Hospital is situated at the corner of Avenue D and Tenth Street. It stands on a plot of ground fifty feet by one hundred and sixty, having a lot in the rear which forms an L. The structure is of brick, four stories high, and divided in an irregular manner—the object of which is to make it look as unlike a hospital as possible. The three upper stories are divided into sixteen wards, containing three beds each; sixteen wards containing four beds each; and a large number of single rooms.

A portion of the first floor is divided into apartments, to be used by the officers of the Hospital and by the apothecary. Another part is a handsome parlor, and a chapel eighty feet long; and the remainder is occupied as a reading-room by the inmates, during the day, and by industrial classes in the evening. The basement floor is reserved for the industrial classes of the neighborhood as a place of quiet recreation, where they are provided with chess, backgammon and other games. A small structure has been built on the L, in which are a morgue, a laundry and other rooms. The most approved hospital furniture has been procured, and the ventilation is perfect. The walls are coated with a patent India-rubber paint, impervious to contagion. Ice-water is supplied through pipes; and Turkish, Russian and other requisite baths, are provided.

The Hospital will accommodate two hundred patients; who are charged seven dollars a week

for board; but gratuitous board and treatment will be given when they are necessary.

The institution is divided into four departments, namely: Medical, Surgical, Lying-in and Genito-Urinary. The medical staff consists of Doctors F. M. Otis, H. B. Sands, William H. Draper, T. G. Thomas, Willard Parker, T. M. Markoe, F. J. Bumstead, Alonzo Clark, T. T. Metcalfe, E. R. Peaslee, Joseph T. Brown, R. W. Taylor, E. C. Seguin, and T. T. Sabine.

The total expense of the building and furniture is about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; but the gentleman who has conferred this great benefaction, by paying the entire sum from his own resources, refuses to allow his name to be made public.

THE HOME FOR INCURABLES.

The gentlemen who originated this institution deemed it best, for several obvious reasons, that the patients intended to be relieved by it should have the advantages of quiet, retirement and country atmosphere; and they therefore selected a house and grounds adapted to those purposes at West Farms, in Westchester County, about ten miles from New York.

From the nature of the case, as indicated by the title of the Asylum, the inmates are received, not for temporary treatment, but for life. The average number of patients is about thirty, and the kinds of their diseases and afflictions are almost as numerous.

The objects of the Asylum are particularly expressed in one of the articles of its constitution, namely: the establishment, support and management of an institution to be known as a Home for Incurables, for the purpose of affording medical and surgical aid and nursing to persons incurably ill—whether sick or disabled; and also to provide them, while inmates of the Home, with the ministrations of the Gospel, agreeably to the doctrines and forms of the Protestant Episcopal Chuach.

This is necessarily an expensive charity, as the patients require great and constant personal care and supervision; and their food must, of course, be carefully adapted to their physical condition.

The Board of Managers consists of twenty-three gentlemen, of whom Benjamin H. Field is President; Martin E. Greene and William H. Guion, Vice-Presidents; F. F. Randolph, Treasurer; R. A. McCurdy, Secretary. The Rev. Washington Rodman is the Pastor and Superintendent.

THE HOUSE OF REST FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

There is in Boston a Home for Consumptive Patients, established by Dr. Cullis, which is the only one in the country specially devoted to that disease, excepting this one, which is in Fordham, Westchester County. Miss E. A. Bogle, in the Summer of 1869, made the first movement for its organization; and several philanthropic gentlemen of that locality, and in the city of New York, gave her their zealous cooperation. A Board of Trustees was formed in October, 1869, and on the 1st of November, 1869, the institution commenced its operations.

Its first Report, in November, 1870, shows a very gratifying result, considering the infancy of the enterprise. The amount of money raised for it was more than nine thousand dollars, besides a long list of clothing, and of delicacies and other matters in the way of food; and the commencement of a Building Fund, amounting to nearly thirteen hundred dollars.

Thirty-eight patients were taken in charge during the year, of whom twelve died; fourteen were discharged, with much improvement in condition; and twelve remain.

The officers are, Bishop Potter, President *ex-officio*; Henry J. Cammann, President; A. B. Carter and W. C. Wetmore, Vice-Presidents; C. C. Tiffany, Secretary; and Edward Haight, Treasurer.

THE NURSERY AND CHILD'S HOSPITAL.

The objects of this institution, as announced in its Reports, are the care, nursing, and medical treatment, when needed, of the young children of wet-nurses, who are following their vocation in families; the young children of mothers who have become insane; of mothers who have died in child-bed; and of mothers who, on account of illness, have been removed to hospitals for the sick. The Nursery offers its aid to all mothers who are worthy of such assistance.

The Hospital-building is situated in Lexington Avenue, at the corner of Fifty-first Street. Its dimensions are one hundred and nineteen feet by sixty feet; with two wings, each twenty-seven feet by forty, and all three stories high, above the basement. It was completed in the year 1858, at a cost of twenty-eight thousand dollars. The ground is held on a perpetual lease from the city, and the State gave ten thousand dollars toward the erection of the building. The Legislature has, on several occasions, made donations to this Hospital—rather liberally disproportioned to its grants to other institutions. The Hospital has, also, received a large annual increase to its funds by means of a succession of balls at the Academy of Music. It has accommodations for about three hundred patients.

It is one of the exquisite fashions of the day—more honored, however, in the breach than

in the observance—that when ladies devote themselves to any of the public institutions, they find it necessary to construct their nomenclature of its officers on a corruption of the English language; and what should be, and in fact, are, directors, managers, etc., become, under the fashionable manipulation, *directress*, *manageress*, *secretaryess*, *treasureress*, *trustee-ess*, etc., as the case may be. Of course, therefore, the ladies who manage this institution "do as others do" with its list of *officeresses*; and its affairs are conducted by three *Directresses*, one *Treasureress*, two *Secretaryesses*, and twenty-one *Manageresses*. There are four Attending Physicians and four Consulting Physicians.

Until the beginning of 1870, this Society seemed to be prosperous, harmonious, and in most respects fulfilling its mission and objects, like other charitable institutions in the city. But, subsequently to that date, dissensions, that threaten to be serious, in some way connected with a Staten Island branch of the Hospital, have developed themselves.

A misunderstanding between the chief Attending Physician and one of the "Directresses" led to a correspondence between the two officials, in which the doctor had the advantage; and the affair culminated in a pamphlet by the doctor, which contains damaging statements that need refutation. It is to be hoped that they may be refuted, and that peace may be restored; inasmuch as, at least so far as the public are informed, this institution furnishes the only exception to the rule of harmony in the city's charitable associations.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Paris.—*The Column Vendome Toppling—Laying Out the Dead in the Press Ambulance—Execution of Milliere—The Petroleum-Burners—Fight in the Mairie of the Panthéon—Women's Club in a Church—Communists Clearing Out St. Sulpice.*

We have so fully described and illustrated the fall of the great Napoleonic Column, that further words are unnecessary; we should not recur to the subject, but that the drawing we reproduce is one in which a French artist has indicated the attitude and gesture, as it were, of the vanquished monument with unconquerable spirit and a valuable seizure of the critical instant.

Between the 18th of March and the entry of the Versaillists the Ambulances of the Press received 3,800 wounded, of whom 144 died. The Salle des Morts, or Laying-Out Department, was the saddest to see of all the features of this grand hospital. Each day and each night added to the dreary harvest. It is a vast tableau of horror which our small engraving mitigates by its miniature proportions. In the obscure distance are piles upon piles of coffins, laid up in the dreadful premonition of a hideous necessity.

On the 25th of May, Citizen Milliere was captured in the Luxembourg Palace, fighting like a wildcat. He had been editor of the *Marseillaise* in the last months of the Empire. Conducted to the Panthéon in the quarter he had been assisting to set on fire, and where he had the night before caused the shooting of thirty of his men who refused to attack the Versaillists, he ran up the steps, struck an attitude, and received the balls of the chassepots in his breast, crying "Vive la République! Vive l'humanité!"

The men and women to whom Citizen Delescluse gave the agreeable commission of burning street after street of suspected dwellings, were called by the Parisians *Pétroliers*. They worked with a sinister and vindictive industry, and, when subsequently arrested and shot under the Versaillist reoccupation, usually betrayed the stolid, unnatural calm of a disordered mind.

The Mairie of the Panthéon was the scene of a lively skirmish, the 17th Battalion of Chasseurs-a-pied having taken it from the Communists who were barricaded there at the point of the bayonet. Three hundred Communists defended the Mairie. They were pursued and ruthlessly massacred in all the alleys. At the time when Colonel Galle and Commandant de Montaut entered, the flames had caught the curtains of the Grand Council Chamber, and the papers and archives, with the furniture, commenced to take fire; while behind all the objects, like rats in their holes, were hidden the dead or skulking Communists. Two hours afterward were found in the cellars three barrels of powder and some petroleum, which the rebels had lacked courage to touch off. A fuse communicating with the magnificent church of the Panthéon, which contained among other combustibles twenty-eight millions of cartouches, was found and cut by Commandant Moynier.

The Commune of 1871, for which Robespierre was the deity and Victor Hugo his prophet, revived the theory of 1793 on the proprietorship of churches. It undertook to renew the scenes of the first Revolution by taking possession of the sacred edifices and turning them to political uses. The pulpit became a stump, and the priest was replaced by a demagogue—or a demagogue. The charming edifice of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the parish church of the Tuilleries and of Eugenie—the church whose ancient bell tolled all the fatal night of St. Bartholomew—was claimed by the Commune's faithful woman-members, on the Sixth of May, as a place of meeting for the Club of the first arrondissement. Some propositions of a nature to astonish the Shrinking Sisterhood of America have been unfolded there. A resolution in favor of general divorce was voted with acclamation. The arguments appeared to the audience quite irrefutable. Citoienne Rondier has taken the lead in this club from its first meeting, developing considerable oratorical talent, with various arguments for the emancipation of her sex from the tyranny of man.

At St. Sulpice, a hundred Communist Guards entered the edifice when the devotions proper to the "Month of Mary" were being paid by a crowd of the poor and humble denizens of the Latin Quarter. Ably resisted, however, by the inhabitants of the Quarter, who menaced them in the grand Place in front of the Church, they temporarily retired, and renewed the attempt in greater numbers next day at the hour of the evening office. Entering then for the second time the illuminated temple, they rudely pushed out the worshipers, who were

generally humble women of the neighborhood, notwithstanding the protests of the large female crowd who filled the Place outside. The most recalcitrant among these women were arrested as enemies of the Commune. The advantage remaining with the soldiers, the Club of the Sixth Arrondissement was established in St. Sulpice.

BOOK NOTICES, ETC.

COMMON SENSE IN THE HOUSEHOLD: A MANUAL OF PRACTICAL HOUSEWIFERY. By MARION HARDY. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

Most cook-books are written by people who know nothing of the subject; a few are written by thorough cooks, but who cannot write intelligibly. This one combines the knowledge derived from years of experience, with the facility, for making things clear, of an authoress of established reputation. It is, besides, very handsomely got up.

THE GOLDEN LADDER; OR, THE STOLEN JEWEL. By MRS. SARAH A. WRIGHT. New York: Bible Brothers.

Mrs. Wright is already known to the reading public by her "Gem of the Lake," and other works. One of the chief aims of this novel is to exemplify how much misery is caused by mercenary marriages. Life in Virginia, where the scene is laid, is also well depicted. Two illustrations from drawings by the authoress and her portrait on steel, embellish the work.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From VIRTUE & YORSTON: Late numbers of "The Art Journal," with splendid steel engravings. In the May and June numbers is continued an illustrated catalogue of works of art in the London International Exhibition, on fine-tinted paper.

From T. B. PETERSON & Co.: "Simon," by George Sand; "Basil; or, The Crossed Path," by Wilkie Collins; and "Arthur O'Leary," by Charles Lever.

From S. R. WELLS: "The Parent's Guide; or, Human Development through Inherited Tendencies."

From E. STEIGER & Co.: Late numbers of "The Workshop," with beautiful designs for ornamentation.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

PRINCE ARTHUR is to be created Duke of Ulster.

MR. LANGWORTHY, a well-known tamer of lions, died recently at Tecumseh, Mich.

GEORGE GROTE, the historian of Greece, is dead, at the age of seventy-seven years.

A SON of Lord Brougham is about to settle in Virginia.

A CHINESE Young Men's Christian Association has been organized in San Francisco. It starts with a membership of forty Celestials.

GENERAL SALAZAR has sold out to President Blanco, of Venezuela, and the revolution is virtually at an end.

NOT one of the Graduating Class of the Massachusetts Agricultural College intends to make farming his life-work.

ROCHEFORT has become a Marquis by the death of his father, an impoverished noble, who had married a pastry-cook.

THE total bonded debt of Mississippi amounts to only \$100,000, and this is held entirely by the citizens.

BRATTLE-SQUARE Church site, one of Boston's ancient landmarks, was sold at auction, June 22d, for \$179,000.

BARON MEYER ROTHSCHILD, who won the Derby and the Oaks, and gave the prize to his groom, is stated to be quite a pauper member of the family, and has only about \$2,000,000 a year.

THE natives of Alsace and Lorraine resident in California have protested against the cession of the provinces to Germany, being determined to remain French citizens.

A MINERALOGIST of San Francisco claims to have discovered a process for combining iron and copper, producing a compound harder than iron, and a company is forming to test the process.

KING GEORGE has addressed an autograph letter of thanks to Mr. Tuckerman, United States Minister at Athens, for his recent philhellenic report on Greek brigandage.

THE Drake Family, who claim to be the descendants and heirs of Sir Francis Drake, and thereby to inherit \$125,000,000 of property, principally in England, had a reunion in this city, June 20th.

THE American artist Bradford lectured, June 17th, in London, before the Royal Institution (Lord Lindsay presiding), upon "Greenland, Ice, and the Esquimaux." Mr. Tindall and many noblemen were present.

THE mother of President Lincoln is buried near Gentryville, Ind.; and as a new railroad is projected near the spot, the surveyors and engineers clubbed together, recently, to erect a suitable monument over the remains.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE writes to a friend in this country that she is so overwhelmed with business, that for eighteen years she has never had, but twice, one week's holiday, and is and has been in her room from illness for years.

PROFESSOR O. C. MARSH and a party from Yale College left New Haven, June 22d, for the far West, to continue their geological explorations, which were begun last Summer. They will spend the Summer in the Rocky Mountains.

JUNE 23d was the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Jesse and Mrs. Grant, the President's parents. They were to have a golden wedding at Elizabeth, N. J., but the lady declined, on account of the publicity it would cause.

MR. REMINGTON, of the well-known firm of rifle manufacturers, has recently added to his other acts of munificence in Syracuse, the gift of \$50,000 to the University there, and the purchase of the St. Charles Hotel for a publishing-house for the Methodist denomination.

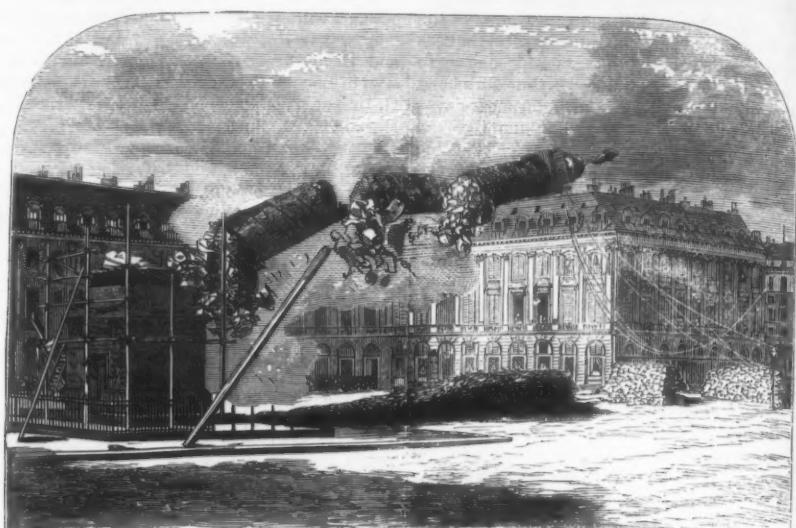
THREE years since Mr. and Mrs. Z. M. Smith imitated the heroes of one of E. E. Hale's stories, by setting out for a long journey from Boston in their own carriage. They returned a few days ago, having accomplished 12,000 miles with their horses and 30,000 by steam, saddle, and canoe, in the far West and Mexico, at an expense to themselves of \$25,000!

THE Yankee Princess Salm-Salm has offered 5,000 francs for the body of her late husband, the Prince, killed in a cavalry charge at the battle of Gravelotte. Originally a dancer, the indomitable little woman changed into the most domestic of wives, and very largely contributed to her husband's well-being in our army. In Mexico, she made his name and her own historic by extraordinary exertion in behalf of the unhappy Maximilian.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PRECEDING PAGE.



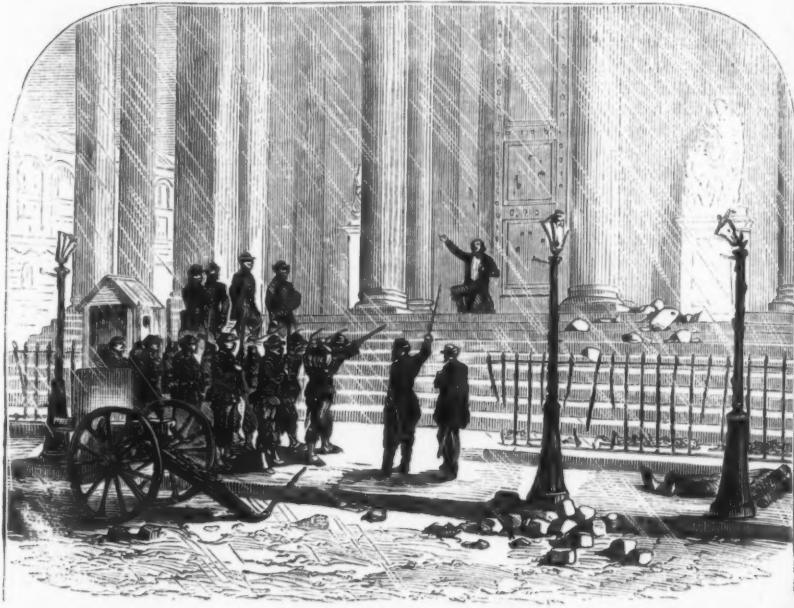
PARIS.—LAYING OUT, IN THE PRESS AMBULANCE, THE VICTIMS OF A SINGLE DAY'S BATTLE.



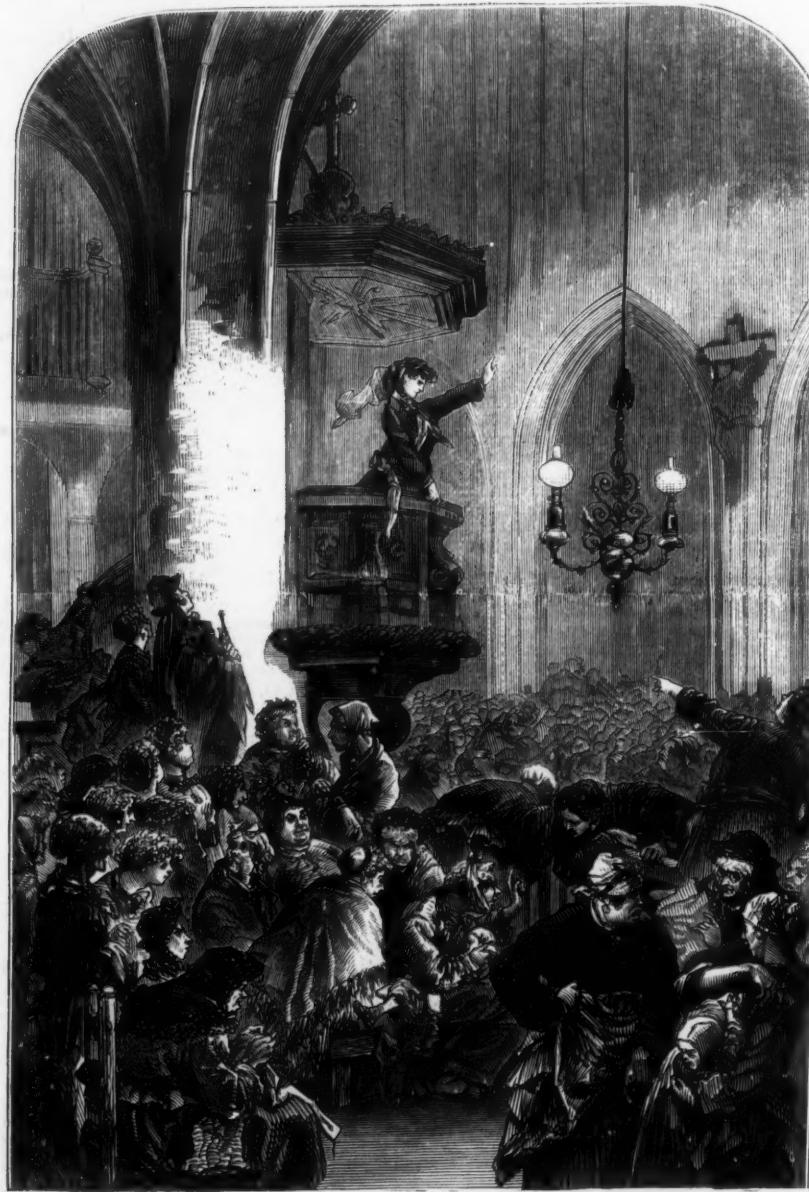
PARIS.—THE COLUMN VENDÔME IN THE ACT OF FALLING.



THE FRENCH CAPTURE OF PARIS.—FIGHT IN THE MAIRIE OF THE PANTHÉON.



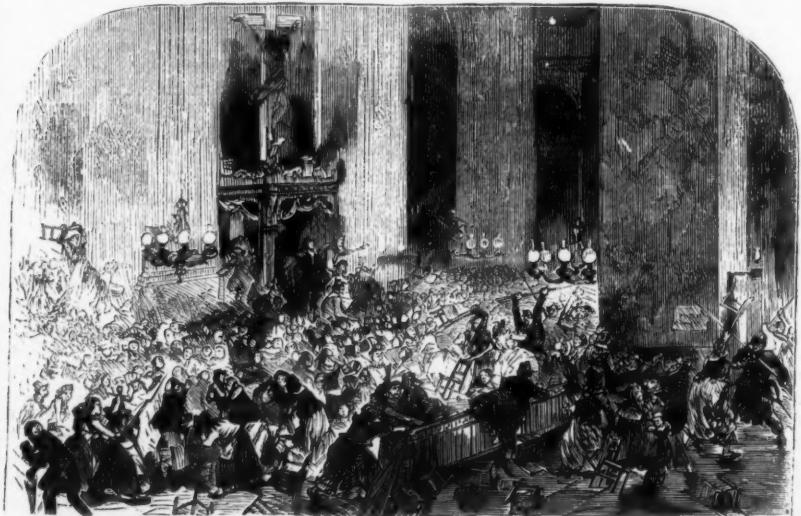
THE FRENCH CAPTURE OF PARIS.—EXECUTION OF CITIZEN MILLIÈRE, ON THE SPOT WHERE, THE NIGHT BEFORE, HE HAD CAUSED THIRTY COMMUNIST SOLDIERS TO BE SHOT FOR CONTEMPT.



PARIS.—WOMEN'S CLUB HELD IN THE CHURCH OF ST. GERMAIN-L'AUXERROIS.



PARIS.—THE "VENGEUSES" SETTING FIRE TO THE BUILDINGS OF PARIS BY MEANS OF PETROLEUM.



PARIS.—WORSHIPERS IN THE CHURCH OF ST. SULPICE DRIVEN OUT BY THE COMMUNISTS.

DESTRUCTIONS IN PARIS.

Rossini's Villa, on the borders of the Bois de Boulogne, is almost completely destroyed. More than fifty shells pierced it. His widow intends to restore it. De Lamartine's house is untouched, though many shells fell close to it. Theophile Gautier's house in Neuilly received several shells. His pictures and books were brought to Paris. The new study M. Puvise de Chavannes built in Neuilly, and which was just finished when the German war began (through which it escaped uninjured), has been entirely destroyed by the civil war, with all its valuable contents—pictures, studies, engravings, books. Prosper Merimée's house, at the corner of Rue de Lille and Rue de Bac, was filled with miniatures, drawings, engravings, an extensive collection of books relating to ancient history, philology and archaeology, and a great number of novels, plays, poems, presentation copies, and unpublished letters from Victor Jacquemont, Stendhal (Henri Beyle), and from artists, authors, diplomats, composers, all enriched with piquant notes by Prosper Merimée, and destined to posthumous publication—all of these objects were lost in the fire which made such ravages in Faubourg St. Germain.



"LAWYER! WHAT'S THESE HERE PAPERS THAT JOHNNY HAS BROUGHT ME TO SIGN?"

"BETSEY AND I ARE OUT."

"DRAW UP THE PAPERS, LAWYER, AND MAKE 'EM GOOD AND STOUT; FOR THINGS AT HOME ARE CROSSWAYS, AND BETSEY AND I ARE OUT; WE WHO HAVE WORKED TOGETHER SO LONG AS MAN AND WIFE, MUST PULL IN SINGLE HARNESS FOR THE REST OF OUR NATURAL LIFE!"

"And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me, And we have agreed together that we can't never agree; And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine; And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign."

W. M. Carleton, in the *Toledo Blade*.



"JOHN WAS CROSS, AND I WAS SPUNKY."

"I THINK IT IS JOHN THAT'S OUT."

BY EDWARD GREEV,
(SUNG-TIE).

LAWYER! what's these here papers that Johnny has brought me to sign? What's the crazy old man been doing? Who got him on this line? Who's put it into his head to get shet of his lawful wife? When we two got hitched together, I meant it to last for life! What does it all mean?—don't stare so! I guess that you know, right well! Lawyers—most time, I reckon—knows a deal they don't care to tell. Say! answer me jest one question—as straight as ever you can: Who is it's bin a-playing on the feelings of my old man? Who's put him up to this—for he never has spoke out to me About parting, unless he was mad—and to part I will never agree! I've told him his faults, for sartin—though you can't make that a crime; And one thing's sure—that is, Johnny has freely told me of mine!

John had a stock of temper, which he show'd at the very start; And I—was a little sharp, at times—but never meant to part! His was a stubborn feeling—bred in the flesh and bone, Not like mine—though I can't deny I've a temper of my own.

SHOWERS OF BLOOD.

In the beginning of July, 1608, a supposed shower of blood fell for several miles around the suburbs of Aix-la-Chapelle. The cause of this was discovered by M. de Peiresc to depend upon the exudation of large drops of a blood-colored liquid on the transformation of large chrysalides into the butterfly state. The drops produced red stains on the walls of the small villages in the neighborhood, on stones in the highways, and in the fields. The number of butterflies flying about, too, was prodigious. These red drops were not found in the middle of the city, or in places where the butterflies did not reach. To the same cause M. de Peiresc attributed some other showers of blood related by historians, that happened in the warm season of the year when butterflies are most numerous. Gregory of Tours mentions one that fell in the time of Childebert, in different parts of Paris, and upon a certain house in the territory of Senlis; and about the end of the month of June another likewise fell, in the reign of King Robert. Large drops of excrement, of the color of blood, are voided by all butterflies which proceed from the different species of hairy caterpillar.



"ONE CALLED AT THE FARM LAST WEEK—WHEN HE SAW ME, HE WOULDN'T WAIT."

He forgets that time he'd the fever, the men
forget things soon—
How all but me shrank from him, he was crazy
as a loon;
Then he would cry for his Betsey—I was never
out of his sight,
And wore myself down to skin and bone, through
nursing him day and night.

My house is well kept and tidy, and my kitchen
is always clean,
Every single stitch I've about me is neat and
fit to be seen.
He can't complain that I'm giddy, or say aught
about my acts;
He can only say—like a good wife, I've always
told him facts.

Betsey paused for breath, when the lawyer
raised his good-humored face,
And fixing his eyes upon her, explained John's
view of the case.
Her brow contracted and wrinkled, as the truth
upon her broke;
When he ceased, she returned the papers, and
thus to the lawyer spoke:

There, Lawyer! take back them blamed papers,
and I'll go home to-night,
Perhaps 'tis I've been wrong, not Johnny; but
I'll try and make it right.
You say he don't see things as I do, 'tis likely
that it's so:
When he leaves the homestead, I reckon, I'd
better with him go.

In future I'll stick to Johnny, and now I think
we'll agree;
I always thought he was to blame—it isn't jest
so, I see!
Say, Lawyer! I'll pay your charges, which
don't speak a word about;
You've brought me to my senses, still, "I
think it is John that's out."

SKETCHES FROM CHEF-DE-MARBRE.

NO. I.—OLD TOM.

To AN idle man—a man, let us say, of comfortable means—unfettered by care, uncontrollable by employment, and happily capable of going whithersoever his fancy leads, this opening of the Summer months has a charm peculiarly its own. In his well-supplied check-book lie a thousand lurking opportunities of pleasure—his magical fee-simple of the world—and from its diminutive compass diverge and radiate the roads to a thousand delights.

Who now would be a king? The spirit of their sceptre has descended; to them the bondage of State, the ceremonial of slavery, the demon of *ennui*. But to the happy possessor of the purse, liberty, pleasure, the world's treasure, and, to cover them all, the domino of a mediocre in consequence!

Happy the rich man! His are the wings of the wind to waft him pleasure; the dew of the morning on far mountain-tops, overlooking vales and hamlets of delight; the moonlight of tropic lands—their fruit, their flowers, the wonders and the rare, sweet entrances of wanderings capricious and unrestrained. Or, less adventurous, does Saratoga call him, he is there; do Newport, or Long Branch, or the various centres of fashion and resort entice him to their haunts, he is there. So surely as steam flies or wheels revolve, do the waters of the lakes, the banks of streams, the heights and glens of mountains, beckon him on; he seeks their beauty with a quiet mien, assured that to him has been awarded the "open sesame" to them all.

Yet, one need not be entirely rich to be entirely happy. Many and many a nook is there on these wide-stretching shores where, for but a simple pittance, one may be very well content, indeed. Places not worn threadbare with resort, not stifled and damned with the imported city-vices (vices second-hand, like old, cast-off, faded furniture), are yet to be found by the dozens. To us, a smiling country village, with its orchards and cornfields, and a grand, staring hotel in the middle, dwarfing its old farmhouses, and turning it topsy-turvy, is like a rose with a wasp in its bosom—as unnatural as a rustic belle with rouge on her pretty cheeks!

But let us not grumble. We are old-fashioned, we know, and if sometimes the wheels of nowadays rumble too loudly, or move too near our avuncular toes, we must even draw them back, and be the more content with our quaint old Chef-de-Marb're and our farmhouse on Naugus Head.

What a charming sunny, world-forgotten place it was! Thither from the old brown village wended the "Ferry-road," with its "Spectred House," its old "Red-gates" and its "Wishing-bridge," spirit-haunted, and screened with great green pollard willows. How often, too, we have trod it in those by-gone days, and paused by the "Three Sisters," turned for their cruel hearts (like the seven in the Rhine stream) into enduring stone, and what wishes we have wished, and what tales we have told, till the little yellow dome of the old "Powder-house" came in view, and over the wide green meadows, between the weeping-eins, slept in the warm sweet sunlight the quaint roofs of old Chef-de-Marb're.

It was an ancient town on the Massachusetts coast. Brown, weather-beaten houses with yellow lichens, and sometimes a crystallized sparkle, on their roofs; long lines of ragged "fish-flakes," and a pervading flavor of salt and tar; narrow lanes and rough-hewn flights of steps, making one think of old *Istamboul* in more ways than one; salt-barrels, fishing-nets,

boats turned bottom-up in unexpected places, as if they were done with the sea, and now were burying themselves in the salt earth instead; houses detached, with broken-backed remains of streets coming feebly up to their door, or perched on rocks slippery and hard to mount; great clumps of lilacs and snowball-shrubs, enormous peonies, and phlox and holly-hocks, and cabbage-gardens and queer little shoemaker-shops—this, and all these, with one wide wandering street, down whose uncertain length the houses seem to be making solemn courtesies and pirouettes—all these, we say, make Chef-de-Marb're, and make it for an idler, uncertain of himself or his whereabouts, a temptation and a delight for a Summer's sojourn.

Three or four steeples (of that suicidal style of architecture which we will call American, *per se*, and denoting that people have their own orthodox or heterodox opinions), dominate the scene; while sun-browned faces, voices of preternatural hoarseness (like small speaking-trumpets with the influenza), and a general heartiness of manner, an Italian violence of gesticulation, a ready wit and no small amount of personal beauty, characterize the inhabitants of this—in those days—world-substituted place.

A traveler, entering the main thoroughfare of this busy hamlet at twilight, would have thought himself suddenly transported to some town of Southern Italy. As there, he would find the street and its little squares thronged with their inhabitants, the old folks sitting on the doorsteps, and the younger portion of the community strolling idly, hand-in-hand, bonnetless so far as the young girls went, and singing gay songs or giving back some swift repartee in a vernacular almost as strange as a foreign tongue.

Beautiful they were, those young girls, and, with all their free ways, modest and pure. We can remember well, though it was years ago, their long black hair and glorious eyes, for the people were of half French, half Spanish extraction, and retained, with their beauty, their bravery and their wit, many of their native habits, customs, and forms of speech.

But with all this we have, in fact, nothing to do. Only of one day were we speaking, and of one among the many singular and eccentric characters—we mean Old Tom—which such a people and such circumstances would naturally call forth.

Coming down one of these narrow lanes, as you must, the beach, with its innumerable little coves and gullies, meets the view; and down by the old Fort, whose point pierces into the deep blue waters, there, you will discover, is a place to fish, which, if old Tom is with you, will melt the heart and entirely subvert the prudence of any ordinary man.

Old Tom is an institution in that rambling, antique, sunny old place. Simple, fine old Tom! Tall, bronzed, deliberate, with a voice that seems to be drawn from some deep well of sullen reverie—only old Tom is never sullen—steady of hand, master of fishes and all the illimitable art of drawing them to his toils, old Tom is a worthy successor of the Apostolic race.

Half-crazed by the loss of property and friends in early life, Tom weathered the bitter gusts of fortune, but found himself stranded from all former energy and life; so he quietly subsided into purveyor for the good wives' tables—the salt-water perch (*cunners*, in Tom's quaint vernacular), the haddock, blackfish and mackerel coming to his bait, as if, like the Ladle in the ballad,

"He toled the birds out of their nest,
And the fish out of the sea;"

but afterward, as it seemed, though it was not without many wise doubts and self-ponderings, Tom, as the Sabbath stillness and quiet of the old town began to be broken in upon by idle visitors, artists, and such strolling disturbers of the general peace, became all at once, and, it must be confessed, with some scandal to himself, the professional Ike Walton and *cicerone* of the place.

What he endured in bringing himself to such a determination is one, doubtless, of those secret processes of the mind which every man feels prudent to hide in his own bosom—like the machinery of a watch, we inclose such secret workings in a double case, glittering and resplendent, but whose opening-spring we care only our own fingers to meddle with; for it was whispered, and many thought with truth, that this poor, humble, half-crazed old fisherman, with his gruff voice and kindly heart, his trembling hands and quiet, melancholy ways, might, had wit been given him, have claimed an earl's coronet in the old country beyond the sea. So it was whispered, so it was believed; though, I think, the only strawberry-leaves he ever knew grew in the little garden behind his house, among whose foliage an old neighbor, childlike as himself, used to set out bits of red flannel, so that they blushed with fruit in the most unheard-of seasons of the year.

But those ponderings, those shy doubts and shooting-pains of dying self-esteem, had passed, and Tom, as we have said, had become an institution. Happy was the man who could secure his services for a day's fishing. Paid for his companionship and conversation (for in that light he chose to place it—and many a queer story he had to tell), he abstained with an exultant solemnity from sharing in the spoils. The patient smile, the slow wisdom, the gravity with which he filled the occasion, never failed in attracting his employers, and, once attracted, they seldom forgot old Tom in subsequent visits. "Them fish," he would begin, and then would follow some long story, embracing all the nature and humanity that a fish would be supposed capable of possessing.

One September day, just as the sun was lifting over the level line of waters, and tipping with crimson the sails of the early boats loitering out to their deep-sea fishing, we waited for old Tom on the point of the weather-beaten

fort, and watching the tide as it lazily and brightly poured in among the rocks, pulling out great strands of sea-weed, brown and glistening like a mermaid's hair, we wondered over the life of this subdued and broken old man. But it was useless to romance; for, before sympathy had half-aroused itself, Tom's broad hand was on our shoulder, and his hearty "Well, messmates!" put to flight all thoughts of anything save his honest, kindly face, his fishing-tackle, and his (not unodorous) mustard-box of bait.

Through that long, calm day, peaceful and soothing as a cradle-song, Tom wandered and rambled through soft, bright vistas of his old, time-mellowed memories; but when the afternoon began to throw the shadows of the old fort far out on the little bay, and the West streamed its long lances of flame across the sea, Tom grew very silent. Did he think of by-gone days? Did the glittering waves, the gorgeous clouds, the long, soft swell of the coming tide, drift him back to where, long, long ago, his life lay stranded? On that shining sea, where his hopes went down—on that lonely beach, where they found him wrecked and senseless, did the sparkle of his buoyant life pale and soften into the quiet spirit that marked him now? As he turned his large brown eyes, shading them with his hand, toward the sunset—eyes with the velvety, puzzled look you see in gazing deer—I wondered if the radiant clouds showed him no angel's wings, or if, perchance, an old-remembered face looked tenderly out from their purple wrappings, and bade him good cheer! Perhaps not—perhaps such vagaries as these would sadly have bewildered old Tom.

Years have passed since that September afternoon, for it was in the old by-gone times, and the turf rests over poor Tom now; but certain can we feel that, over his lonely grave, with its waving grass and forsaken headstone, children gather in their evening play, and tell old tales and jests of poor dead Tom, with the mingling mirth and pity, the tender, laughing sympathy, that childhood holds alone!

THE HOUSE IN ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

SOME years ago I kept a linen-draper's shop. It was not a large shop, as times go, but, being in a leading thoroughfare, it brought me in a fair amount of money in the course of the year. So that I may truthfully say I kept my shop, my shop kept me—and kept me comfortably.

To assist me in my business, I had the services of two respectable men, both capital salesmen, both of gentlemanly appearance and address—which, indeed, is necessary in our trade, dealing almost entirely as we do with ladies. As for Harley, the eldest, he was, from a linen-drapering point of view, perfection. His pride in his persuasive powers was so great, that he would think it a very poor transaction in which he did not induce a customer to expend three or four times the amount she had originally intended. Marston, the younger, was equally clever, but scarcely so cool and wary; that is to say, he was rather too suspicious when female loveliness was in question.

For my own part, I had nothing to do but be my own shopwalker. My part it was to look pleasant, hand customers chairs, "wash my hands in invisible water," or open my plate-glass doors to admit of the ingress and egress of the fair ladies who patronized me. Occasionally I would unbend so far as to carry bulky parcels to carriages waiting in the roadway, when there was no footman in attendance. For I had carriage customers: plenty of them.

Whether they came in carriages, or whether they came on foot, all my customers were treated with equal civility by myself and assistants. It will not do to make any distinctions in business. Politeness must be the order of the day, whether the sum spent be a sovereign or a sixpence. Perhaps, for instance, a shabby little old woman, apparently not worth the latter coin, would lay out an amount that made even my well-drilled shopmen stare. Whereas her successor might probably be some rustling dame of aristocratic demeanor, who, after having turned over the whole stock, would walk out, having bought nothing.

It may be imagined, served as I was by assistants so diligent, that I prospered. I did prosper. Carriages thronged to my little shop, from the stately barouche of May Fair to the wicked brougham from the wood named after Saint John. The yard measures were never idle. All day long, parcels of choice *moire-antique* or delicate *mousseline de laine* changed hands across the counter, to the clearance of my shop and the replenishment of my exchequer. These, as trade circulars informed the public, were the results of "attention and excellence combined."

One rainy morning—I remember it well—the shop was less thronged than usual; in fact, it was nearly empty. The reason, of course, was the weather: for our sensitive English ladies, even when protected by close carriages, dread nothing so much as wet. That morning, in particular, it was pouring as it only knows how to pour in London. The few customers had gradually departed, when, on a sudden, there dashed up to the curb a showy-looking street-cab, a four-wheeler. The reader may perhaps have observed that some cabs, drivers, horses and vehicles, are smarter than the generality. This was one of them. From it descended two ladies, fashionably dressed. Of course I was immediately on the spot with the capacious umbrella we kept for that purpose behind the glass door, and quickly escorted them into the house.

I am a bad judge of people's ages, especially of ladies' ages; but the elder of these two I should have put down at eight-and-twenty, the younger at barely twenty-one. The latter was simply the prettiest girl I had ever seen. Her companion, though by no means bad-looking, was not different from hundreds of other well-dressed females you may see about the West End any fine day in the season.

Of my two men, Harley was unfortunately busy in rearranging some stock which had been disturbed by a troublesome customer; but it was without misgiving that I consigned the ladies to the care of Marston, since, the place being empty, I believed I should be able to keep my eye on him.

The visitors, however, had no sooner seated themselves, and mentioned the first article which they required, than a great noise occurred in front of the windows. I went out to see what was the matter, and found that the disturbance was caused by a drunken man. He was by far one of the dirtiest, most sotish vagabonds I had ever beheld. He had taken it into his tipsy head to be offended with some ticket or announcement which appeared on my articles, and he was holding forth, to a rapidly increasing crowd, on the rascality of tradesmen in general and linen-drapers in particular. The figure I presented may be imagined: standing there, with the rain patterning on my bare head and discolored my spotless necktie, while I reasoned with the inebriated brute. To add to my exasperation, the mob jeered, as mobs will jeer when they see decent people in trouble, and it was some time before I could persuade the fellow to take his departure.

When I returned, I found the ladies I had left inside had made considerable purchases. The articles bought, I saw, on looking over the bill, were of no little value in the aggregate. They were lying on the counter, packed in a large parcel, ready for removal. But here a difficulty arose. Marston informed me, with much hesitation, that the ladies had not come prepared with so much money as was required to settle their account, having taken a fancy to many things they had not originally intended to buy; "would I therefore kindly send some one with them to their residence, in charge of the goods, when the cash should be returned?"

What was I to do? There were the things made up. I could not be guilty of the courtesy of refusing such a reasonable request; but I inwardly wished my too complaisant assistant at Jericho. As it happened, our solitary porter had been sent on a distant message. I could not spare either of my other employees, so, in the end, I consented to go myself, and was invited to take my seat inside the cab.

Under any other circumstances such a *tête-à-tête* with two pretty women for half an hour would have been agreeable; but, as I always defer my amusements till after business hours, I did not appreciate the situation. To say the truth, an indefinable feeling of uneasiness began to steal over me as I sat there in the cab with the package on my knees.

As for the ladies, they chatted gayly with each other, occasionally addressing a remark to myself, to which my thoughts prevented me from giving more than a monosyllabic response. Then, perhaps putting me down as a churlish fellow, they confined their conversation to themselves.

At length our drive came to an end, and we stopped before a house. That is to say, we drew up at a door placed in a high wall. But there was nothing remarkable about that, as hundreds of private houses are thus concealed in the semi-aristocratic locality that lies northwest of London.

In answer to the cabman's ring, a man in black, apparently a servant out of livery, presented himself, after much unlocking and unlatching. "A man-servant to answer the bell," thought I; "well, I am sure of my money from people who live in such style as this." We tradespeople have, I admit, an absurd veneration for people who keep butlers and footmen. But so it is, and I suppose will be to the end of the chapter. Notwithstanding, however, all my respect for wealth, as represented in this manner, the same feeling of fear came over me again as I was about to cross the threshold. I hesitated. "Pshaw!" said I to myself, "what nonsense is this?" and went in.

I should mention that the cabman was directed to wait; I presumed to convey me back to town.

The man in black leisurely proceeded to refasten the door. There were certainly an unusual number of locks and bolts for a private residence; but that, I thought, was no business of mine. While the man was so engaged, I had leisure to look around me. What I saw, was a lawn surrounded on all sides by the high walls already mentioned. In the centre of the lawn was an ordinary-looking house; ordinary, that is, but for its height—three stories. Another peculiarity about this house was, that the windows of the upper floors did not display the usual arrangement of blinds and curtains, but were whitened. Again I thought that was no business of mine. Finally, I observed before entering the house that there were several tall trees on the edge of the grounds, which gave a still more secluded aspect. This, joined to the whitened windows and the utter silence prevailing, imparted to the whole place a most depressing air. For the third time I thought, but this time with a slight shudder, that it was no business of mine.

Nothing could exceed the politeness of the ladies. No sooner was I fairly inside than they insisted upon relieving me of my parcel. Then in the most coaxing manner they entreated me to go upstairs to the drawing-room and partake of some refreshment, when they would rejoin me and settle accounts. I did not like to lose sight of the goods in a strange house, but a glance at the beautiful, ingenuous face of the younger of my hostesses, disarmed my reluctance, and I went up to the door pointed out to me.

I found myself in a shabby-looking room, with shabby furniture half concealed by dirty chintz. No pictures, no mirrors, no nick-nacks, lady's needlework, or anything else one expects to see in a drawing-room. And as for the carpet on the floor, I wouldn't have given a shilling a yard for it. The windows of this room were in the direction looking on the

lawn. As the shutters, however, were pulled half way up, I could not see out. The reader will know what I mean if he have ever been in an artist's studio and observed the arrangement of his shutters, so as to admit only of a top light. But this was evidently not an artist's studio. What did the people mean then by having their shutters half closed? Upon inspecting these shutters more narrowly, I found that they were not movable, but were *nailed in their places*. At last I gave it up and retreated to a chair by the empty fireplace, where I wondered that such elegant ladies should be contented with such a miserable drawing-room.

The refreshment spoken of was a long time in coming. Meanwhile I mused on the little train of incidents which had brought me where I was. One thing seemed to me very extraordinary, viz., that such bright young creatures as those I had just left should live in such an out-of-the-way place. The building was more like a convent than anything else; yet those young ladies looked quite the reverse of nuns. But the time was flying. I had been in the room about ten minutes, and there was no appearance of either the refreshment or the ladies. An old-fashioned bellpull was on one side of the mantelpiece. I pulled it. Next moment I heard the answering tinkle in the basement. Five minutes more elapsed, then a heavy step was audible on the stairs. The door opened. The man in black!

I should say that he was not an amiable-looking man at any time, but the gloomy surroundings gave his stern, dark face a very repulsive expression. I determined to be civil.

"Those ladies," I began, mildly, "I'm afraid they have forgotten me."

"Oh, no, they have not!" he answered, stoutly.

"Then please tell them," I continued, "that my time is precious, and I will thank them to attend to me, for I want to get back to my shop."

The reply was in a sort of rough, soothing tone: "My good man, it's all right; make yourself at home. You shall want for nothing: I'll see that you're made comfortable."

"Comfortable!" I shouted. "What do you mean? I want my money!"

Before I finished he was gone, and I heard him locking the door behind him.

I was now seriously alarmed. Things began to wear an ugly look. I forgot all about my lost property in the more overpowering sensation of loss of liberty. But every other feeling was rapidly mastered by indignation. Was I, an inoffensive man who had committed no crime, to be treated in this way with impunity? Not if I could help it! Then I kicked and thumped violently at the door, shouting at the same time with all my might. The door was a strong one of oak. It defied my efforts. I only got cut knuckles and bruises for my pains. Still I hallooed all the more. The noise, at length, brought up the man in black. As soon as he opened the door I screamed out: "What is the meaning of this? You scoundrel!" and attempted to get past him. It was of no use. The villain was far more powerful than I. He seized me by the throat, and dashed me backward with such violence that I reeled against the opposite wall, my head coming in contact with a projecting piece of moulding. Then, seeing me leaning there, apparently half-stunned, the fellow went out again, locking the door as before.

I remained perfectly quiet for some time, trying to collect my scattered faculties. It seemed some monstrous nightmare. One short hour before, I was happy, prosperous, peacefully following my vocation—now trapped, cheated, and a prisoner!

And, as far as I knew, I had not an enemy in the world. No one would benefit by my incarceration, unless it was those two beautiful fiends who had lured me into the snare: and even they would only be gainers by the eleven or twelve pounds, which was the value of that fatal parcel.

Casting my eye round the room again, I spied in a corner a small cupboard, which I had not before noticed. Instantly I was down on my knees ransacking it. All sorts of odds and ends were there. Several things puzzled me. What could be the meaning of those strong handkerchiefs, tied in the middle in such huge, firm knots? Three or four pairs of steel handcuffs were equally inexplicable. At last, I came to a long roll of something, in material and stoutness like strong corsage. What was this? Straps! Buckles! Merciful powers! It was a strait waistcoat! I groaned aloud. I knew where I was now.

The discovery, though, roused me to instant exertion. I dragged the heavy table to the foot of one of the windows. Upon the table I piled two or three of the dingy chairs, and then, at the infinite risk of my neck, climbed to the top. Quick as thought I dashed my already bruised hands through the glass, and gave one loud, prolonged cry for help. Help!

I had no time for another effort. The noise made in dragging the furniture about must have roused the wretches below, for the door burst open, and in rushed two men in black. By them I was dragged to the ground, thrown down, bound, and speedily enlightened as to the use of the knotted handkerchiefs by being gagged till I was nearly choked. Then I fainted.

I was restored to consciousness by some one dashing water in my face. Gradually, I became aware of several dark figures, gruff voices, flashing lanterns—the police!

"I tell you he ain't no more mad than you are. I brought him here myself. It's Mr. —, of — Street, —."

That rough hoarse voice was sweeter than the divinest strains of Patti or Nilsson. It was the cabman. By him my cry had been heard as he was returning late in the evening to his stables.

I am happy to say that the two men in black became shortly after two men in gray, that

being the color of the uniform at one of our most noted convict prisons. Their employer, the proprietor of the illegal private lunatic asylum, shared their fate. I had also the satisfaction of knowing that my successful alarm caused the mysterious rooms with the whitened windows to give up their secrets.

As for my two lady customers, whether they were in collusion with the madhouse people or not, I cannot tell. I never saw them again—or my goods either. They had disappeared, after discharging the cabman, no one knew whither. As for me, whenever a sudden shiver passes through my frame, my family and friends ask no questions. They know that I am thinking of the house in St. John's Wood.

THE TIGER SENTINEL.

ACCORDING to Indian custom, the evening meal had been taken long after sundown; and it was striking a quarter to midnight when I and another lady, bidding farewell to numerous friends, started on our route "down the country"—*vide* Anglo-Indian phraseology. Trains were not the mode of locomotion in those days, and only about twenty miles of rail—from Calcutta to a French settlement called Serampore—had been accomplished, under the difficulties of the monsoon and the fierce meridian sun.

My friend and I, attired in loose morning wrappers, reclined comfortably, at full length, in the commodious "palanquins" that everybody has heard of. On a shelf above our feet were the usual provisions for such a journey—wine, biscuits, and a big vial full of laudanum, or ginger—travelers in India bearing in mind that an attack of cholera, or some such ghostly visitant, might easily present itself amidst the forests, many a mile distant from medical aid, or even from any European habitation.

Side by side we jolted along with the ordinary monotonous "grunt" of the men who carried us. We were transported so evenly and in such close vicinity, that we were enabled to chat comfortably together. On the outer side of our conveyances, the "Masalwallahs" flourished their torches aloft, renovating the light continually by drops of oil from a rude sort of pipkin, and appearing themselves, in their half-nude figures and ebony physiognomies, the impersonation of those horrible hobgoblins that are held in terror over children's heads in the nursery. On we went, through the brushwood, over sandy plains, beneath luxuriant mango-trees, between vistas of fragrant baubal, crushing down ruthlessly fields of the green grain, intersected by nettles; wading through ditches of water, and never halting on our steady progress, save for a few seconds, to allow of a change in the shoulders of our human "beasts" of burden. Every five miles of our journey, out of the gradually deepening darkness of the night, loomed the dusky forms of the "relay," emerging, weird-like and fantastic, from some tumble-down "serial," or roadside inn, with bubble-bubbles in hand, and sleep heavy on their lids.

At length the brushwood began to grow taller and taller, the boughs of trees struck against the palanquins as we passed, the feet of the bearers glided with a rustle through the long, tangled grass, and the light from the stars grew dimmer each moment, as the thick foliage of the jungle met in a canopy overhead; and our carriers, fatigued, forgot to replenish the oil of the torches, that burnt gradually more and more faintly. Sleep overcame us as well, and my friend and I were fast falling into the arms of Morpheus, when, all of a sudden, down went our conveyances, touching each other, with an awful thud on the hard ground; and, shrieking out, "Sare!" (tiger), the cowardly natives, leaving us to our fate, scampered off as quickly as their legs could take them into the pervading gloom.

Our first instinct of preservation was to bang to the outer doors of our fragile fort and double-lock them; our next action was to clasp one another's hands, and send up a prayer to Providence for our safety. Breathless we sat, straining every nerve to catch each trivial sound, and not daring to speak one word of mutual comfort or hope.

Round the palanquins the animal kept stalking, like a sentinel with a measured tread, switching his heavy tail against the door, and doubtless scenting the dainty fare that awaited, in indescribable agony, the success of his efforts to arrive at it; then his movements became more energetic, and we heard him grating himself against the sides; and then, all of a sudden, he seemed to spring and fall heavily on the roof of our paltry stronghold.

Oh, who could describe the terror that we felt!

and each minute that lagged on its course seemed to lengthen into hours, or even days. What on earth was to become of us we knew not; deserted by our attendants in the midst of the thickest jungle, and with no apparent means of escape from the bloodthirsty brute, who never appeared to weary of his efforts to force himself through our brittle walls.

Supposing the natives did not return to us, of food we had a paucity, and the small supply of water we had brought had already been used to assuage the thirst of a sultry night of the Indian Summer. We dared not even open an aperture to the extent of an inch, that we might inhale a breath of air, for horror of confronting our deadly enemy. Fear and suspense grew each instant more insupportable, and firmer we held each other's hands, while big beads of perspiration gathered on our brows, and the loud beating of our hearts was audible in the awful silence that we kept. And still the time wore on, with no sign of succor.

A tiny streak of light glimmered suddenly between the roofs of the two palanquins, and we knew that the dawn was breaking with a soft roseate hue, and was peeping down upon our distress through the narrow interstices of the branches that were tightly interlaced together above. And, with the first glimmer of

day, hoarse, unearthly yells resounded close by, and, thinking that all the wild beasts of the forest had broken loose upon us, we gave ourselves up for dead women.

Then the light grew blood-red, as, with a fearful jerk, the palanqui were pulled asunder; and we believed, for an instant, that we had descended into the infernal regions, as the torches glared brightly in our eyes and fell on the scared faces and uncouth gestures of the dastardly bearers, who had returned at last, accompanied by a score of wild-looking villagers, brandishing huge sticks on high, and vociferously acquainting us that the tiger had bolted, and we were safe!

THE NEW JERSEY CREVASSÉ.

On Monday morning, June 19th, David Williams, captain of a canal-boat, was coming up the Morris and Essex Canal; while crossing the seven-mile level between New Village and Broadway, in Morris County, N. J., just as he reached the farm of John McKinney, he suddenly heard a great rushing or rumbling noise, like muffled thunder. His boat trembled, and he said to the boy at the rudder, "There's an earthquake, Billy." The captain ran to the bow of his double-sectioned craft, and, to his wonder and dismay, saw an immense whirlpool ahead of him. He at once jerked the mule that was hauling the boat, and ran the vessel hard against the towpath shore. In a few minutes the boat was hard aground, and the water in the canal had begun very rapidly to recede. He jumped ashore; but no sooner had his feet touched the towpath, than another sound struck his ears. It was almost like the report of a cannon. Looking over into the cornfield on the eastern side of the canal, he saw an immense hole in the earth. An alarm was at once sounded, and the villagers turned out in a body to look upon the wonderful scene. A careful survey of the sunken places was made, and efforts were at once begun to fill the hole in the canal.

The principal sink in the cornfield was found to be about twenty feet in diameter, and nearly twenty-five feet deep. The hole was cut as regularly as if it had been made by an immense bore. At its bottom lay a little puddle of water, but the earth which had been carried away was nowhere to be seen. This cavity is about one hundred and fifty feet from the canal, and is on descending ground. About seventy-five feet from this hole is another, much less in diameter, but quite as deep. All around both of these excavations (which are in a ten-acre lot) are large fissures in the earth—the whole lot, in fact, being cracked in every direction. On the westerly side of the canal rises a dense woodland. There are four holes in this land; the largest is near the canal. It is nearly round, is about twenty feet in diameter, and is about twenty feet deep as near as can be ascertained. When the surface of the earth went down and made this hole, it carried with it a chestnut tree, which is now nearly hidden from sight. The others are smaller. The important question was, how to fill the crevassé in the canal. Trees were cut down, hundreds of bundles of cornstalks were obtained, and these were thrown into the vortex, down which the water was still pouring, and disappearing as fast as it descended. Finally, after nearly a day's work, a bed or bag was formed, into which the earth was thrown and "puddled," until it was thought safe to turn the water into the level again. But on the night of June 21st, another break occurred in the canal—the bottom dropped out, as in the case above named, and the water was drained off the level, again putting a stop to the passage of boats. As soon as possible, a large force of men were set at work to fill up this new hole, and after several hours' labor, they succeeded in effecting stoppage. Mud-scows were loaded with clay, and this was dumped into the hollow until a new bed was made for the canal. How long the bottom will remain safe is a question which even the most experienced canalers cannot answer. Most of the canalmen are of the opinion that the break in the canal is attributable to the limestone formation at the bottom of the canal. This stone, they say, has been resolved into quicksand, and subterranean streams constantly sloughing it have worn it away until the water in the canal has broken through and run into the earth, causing the holes in the cornfield and in the wood. In August last, the bottom of the canal gave out near Stewartville, and was followed by the sinking of a portion of a field near by.

The shock of earthquake which on Sunday night occurred in the vicinity of New York, can hardly have caused the caving-in of the Morris and Essex Canal, though its ramifications may possibly have reached the region, and precipitated the result of causes long preparing.

THE HORSE DISEASE.

MUCH alarm exists among the owners of horses in this city and vicinity in consequence of the disease that seems to have become epidemic in the leading stables. This distemper first appears in the hind-quarters of the animal in the form of paralysis, gradually working along the spinal cord until it reaches the brain, when the use of the limbs is almost entirely lost. The favorite treatment thus far has been to suspend the animal in a sling, and apply mustard externally along the spinal cord. The appetite is not affected, although from the first the bowels become constipated. Veterinary surgeons say that the disease is not contagious. They give it no particular name, some pronouncing it *cerbro-spinal meningitis*, while others say that it differs from that sufficiently to be called a distinct disease.

It first made its appearance about four weeks ago in the stables of the Second Avenue Railroad. At the Third Avenue Railroad stables about three hundred and fifty horses were taken ill, and about thirty died. When the

disease reached its height the sick horses were transferred to Riker's Island. A large number of the sick were retained at the stable hospital for treatment. At these stables a large portion of the sheds are set aside to form a sick-ward. A hundred animals were here receiving treatment at the time of our artist's visit. The disease is not, as was at first supposed, a malady of recent origin, but has long been known in Algiers and other parts of northern Africa, where the horses have from time to time suffered severely from its effects. The Bedouins term it *Boratz*, and attribute it to an inflammation of the bowels, caused by an inhalation of the sands of the desert. The endemic has also made at different times frightful inroads in Africa. The French designate it as an inflammation of the stomach, and call it *paraphlegie*. Their treatment is an injection of turpentine and sulphate of zinc, with boluses of tar-balls administered at short intervals.

The veterinary surgeons of New York have been busy with their dissections and experiments, and it is hoped will discover the cause and hit upon the proper remedy for this alarming distemper.

NEWS BREVITIES.

BENEVOLENT ladies are distributing flowers in the New York hospitals.

A LAKE of borax has been discovered in Washington Territory.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS has bought an interest in the Atlanta (Ga.) Sun.

CLASS-DAY was celebrated Jun. 23d, both at Harvard and Brown Universities.

THE Louisiana cotton crop is almost ruined by rains and overflows. It is thought the American crop will amount to only 2,800,000 bales.

THERE are 122,715 scholars in the 402 Sunday-schools of Philadelphia, whom 12,078 teachers instruct.

WALTER SCOTT, a cousin of Sir Walter, and bearing a striking resemblance to the author of *Waverley*, is now residing in Fall River, Mass.

THE horrors of the famine in Persia are increased by the story that corpses are disinterred for food.

MR. MOTLEY, with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Brinsley Sheridan, intend to return to America early in September.

AN earthquake shock was distinctly felt about 10 o'clock P.M., June 18th, in many places on Long Island and Staten Island, and in New Jersey.

THE State of Michigan contains 5,144 inland lakes, covering an area of 1,114 miles, besides a water-front on the great lakes of more than 1,850 miles.

BUTTER is now imported from Australia to England, and is said to arrive in large quantities and in good order. It is only a few years ago since the reverse was the case.

THE value of the bronzes, statues and pictures destroyed by the Communists in Adolphe Thiers's private residence in Paris, is estimated at \$500,000.

THE old cable of 1865 has been grappled and repaired. It will soon be ready for use again, and it is an interesting question whether it will work as well as ever or not.

REAL ESTATE agents at Cape May claim that they have rented fifty per cent. more cottages up to the present time, this year, than they had disposed of at the same period last year.

THE Papal celebration of June 16th was a failure in Brussels, because the clerical party used it to insult the liberals—the latter smashed the illuminated windows.

OF two hundred and fifty-five summer-residing families at Newport, R. I., one hundred and fifty are from New York, forty from Boston, fifteen from Philadelphia, fifteen from Providence, and thirty-five from scattering cities.

MOST countries burn gas of home manufacture. Canada is an exception. The Clifton House at Niagara Falls consumes gas brought over from America in tubes laid along the Suspension Bridge.

"DECEMBER 20th, 1620: Being the Sabbath, we rested"—a quotation from the journal of Governor William Bradford—has been chiseled on a prominent rock, which was used by the Pilgrims for shelter, on Clark's Island.

A GERMAN writer urges that the present is an excellent opportunity of making, from recent Franco-Prussian battle-fields, a fine collection of Turcs and other skulls, to aid in the study of craniology and ethnology.

A MAINE journal insists that the statement that butter can be made by burying the cream under ground, inclosed in cloths, for twenty-four hours, is not a joke, as the experiment has been tried in Bellfast with complete success.

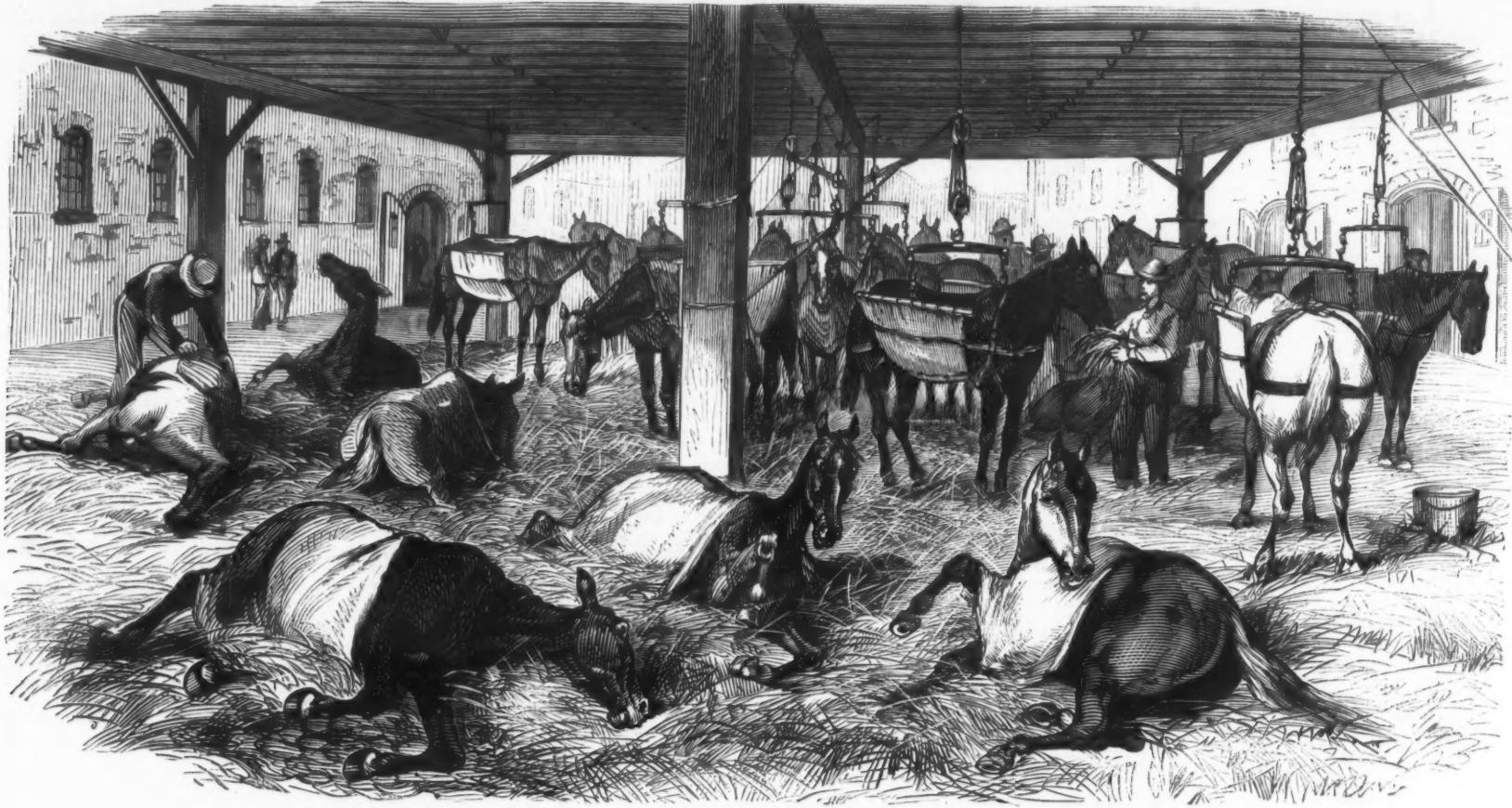
MR. SIBLEY, of Rochester, N. Y., has given Cornell University \$10,000 for the equipment of the department of civil mechanical engineering, and another gift of \$30,000 to the college, from a source not yet announced, has just been made.

THE Esquimaux of Labrador, who have never been known to engage in the cod and herring fisheries of their region, have this year prepared their own skins, and negotiate with the merchants of Harbor Grace and St. John's, N. F., for the usual supplies required by the other fishermen of the island.

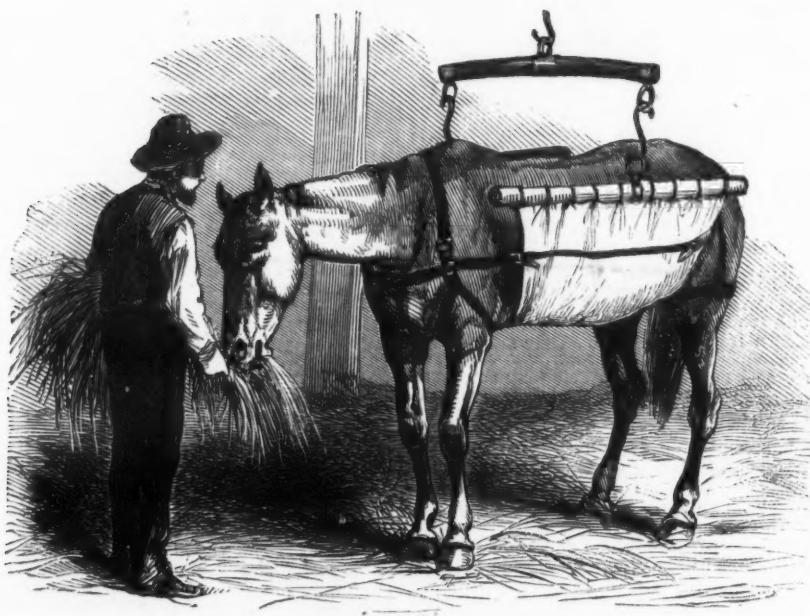
WHEN James Russell Lowell was last in Rome, a mendicant monk met the poet in the Corso one day, and asked for a contribution to repair a monastery. "You should not ask me for aid," remarked Lowell in choice Tuscan, "for I am a heretic." "That makes no difference," replied the astute friar. "Your money is orthodox!" The poet appreciated the witticism, and made the contribution asked for.

THE remains of Ugo Foscolo, the celebrated Italian poet and patriot, were disinterred at Chiswick churchyard, on the 17th instant, in the presence of the Italian Minister and a number of distinguished Italians, for the purpose of being removed to Italy, to be reinterred in the Church of La Santa Croce, at Florence. Although the body had been under ground forty-four years, the form was intact and the features still perfect.

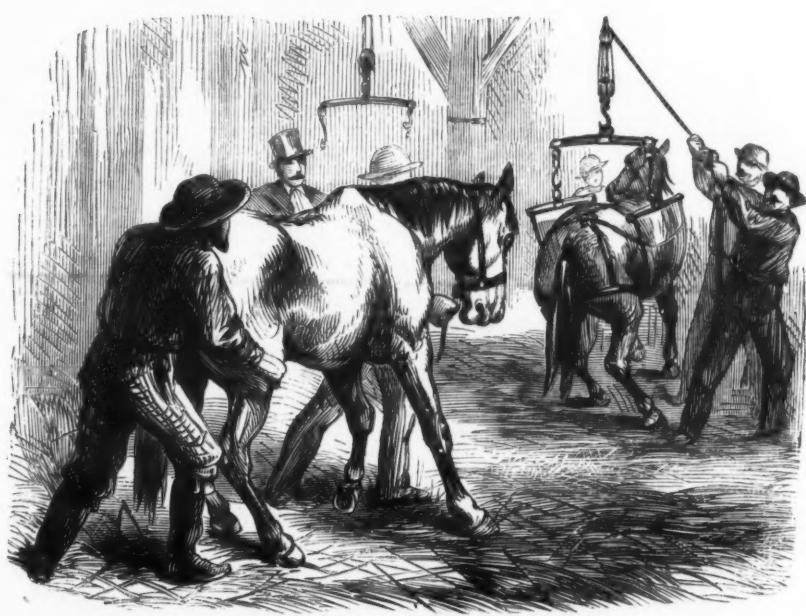
THE London dog-show, this year, is exhibited a mastiff of a breed reputed to be the purest and oldest of ascertained pedigree in England. It is descended from ancestry said to have been in the possession of Sir Percy Leigh—from whom the ancient family, still seated in Cheshire, Leigh of Lyme, is descended—who in 1415 was saved, when lying apparently dead on the field of battle at Agincourt, by his mastiff bitch; \$5,000 was the price put upon this beast of noble lineage.



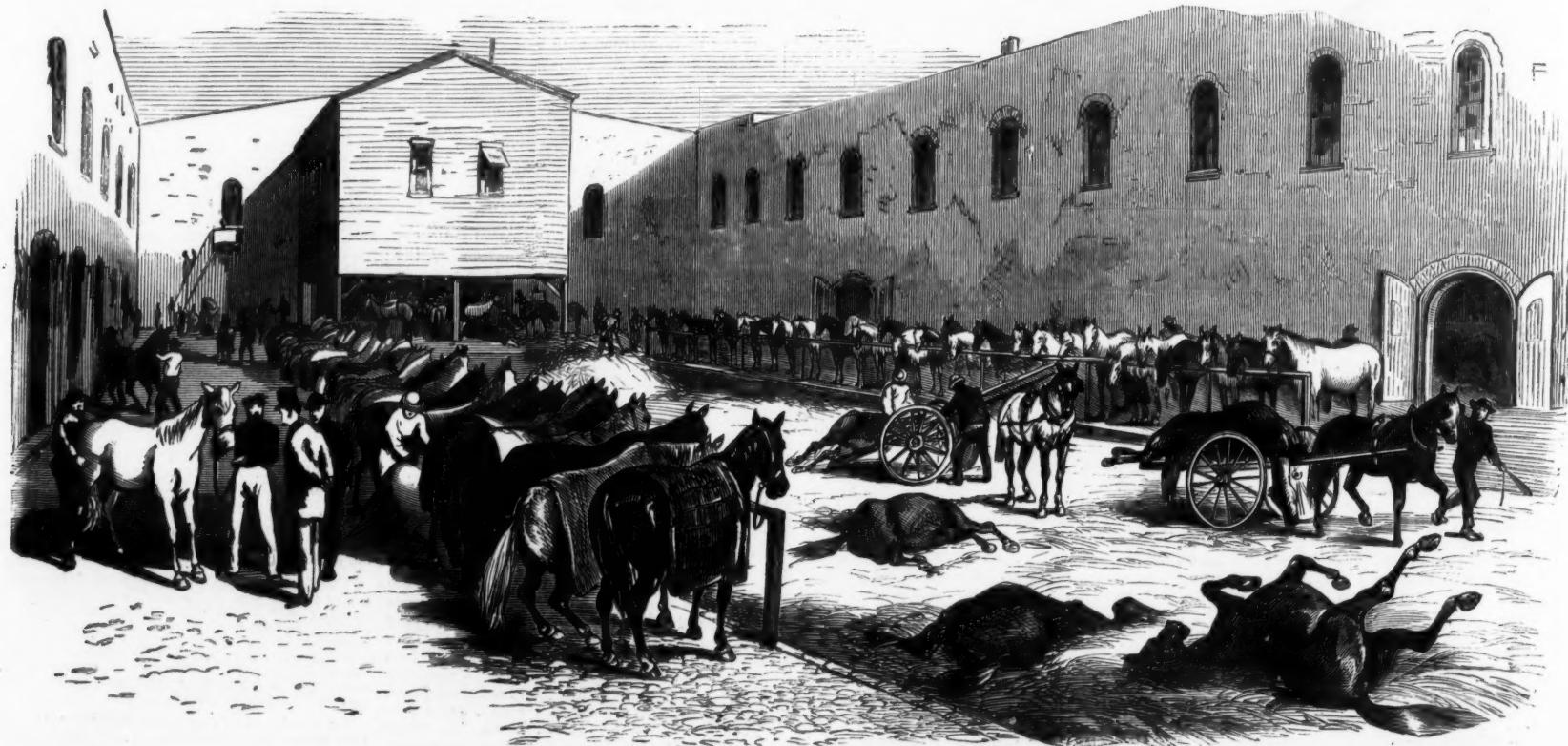
THE NEW HORSE DISEASE—DYING AND DEAD HORSES IN THE HOSPITAL OF THE THIRD AVENUE STABLES.



A DISEASED HORSE SUSPENDED FOR MEDICAL TREATMENT.

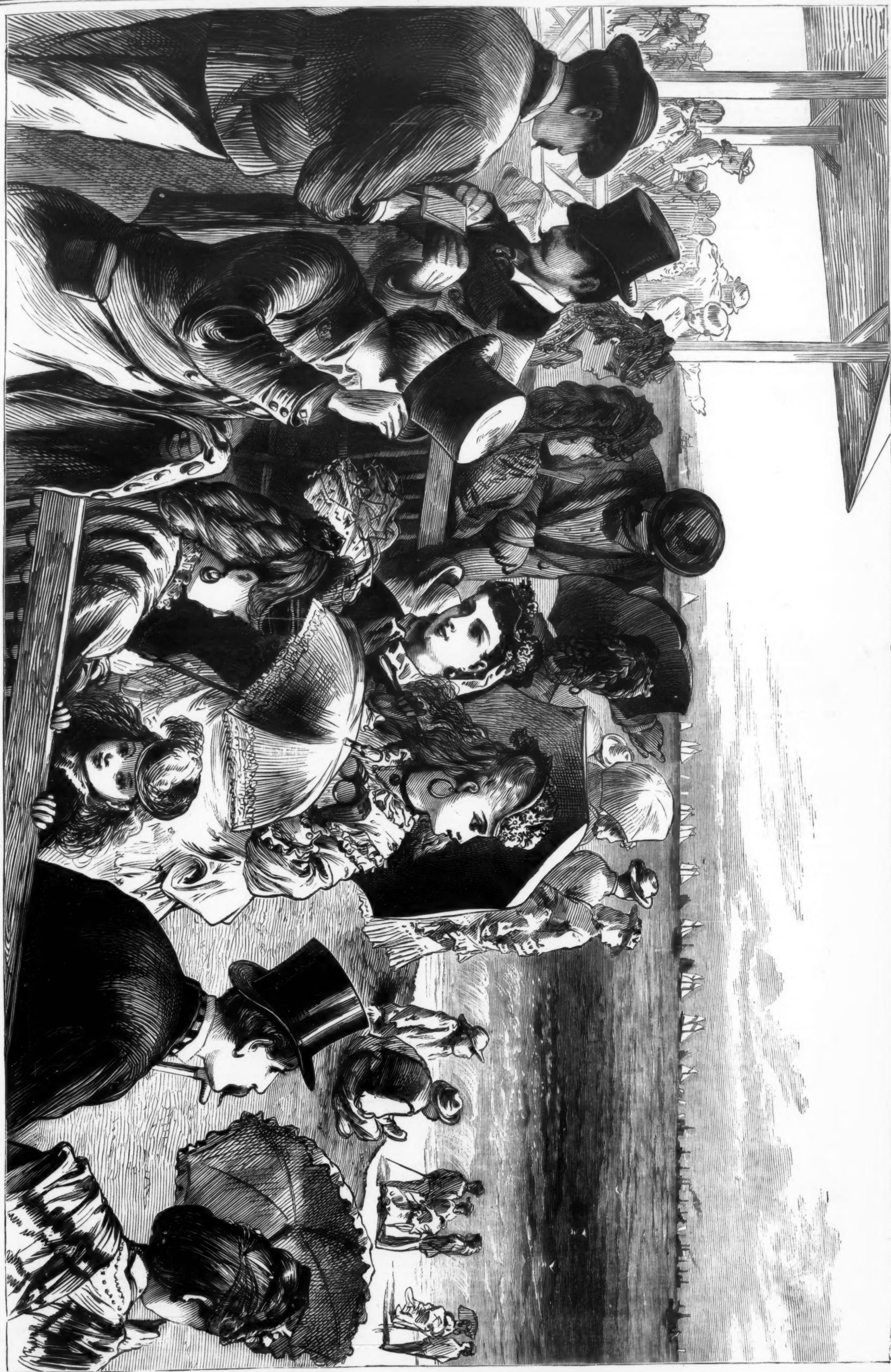


MOVING OFF A SICK HORSE TO HOSPITAL, AND RAISING A HORSE FOR TREATMENT.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE STABLES.—SUSPECTED CASES, MILD CASES, RECOVERING SUBJECTS, AND BODIES CARTED AWAY.

THE NEW HORSE DISEASE.—SCENES AMONG THE SICK ANIMALS AT THE THIRD AVENUE RAILWAY STABLES, NEW YORK CITY.
SKETCHED BY A. BERGHaus.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, JUNE 22D.—NEARING THE LIGHTSHIP.—SEE PAGE 276.

IN THE RAIN.

I sit alone at my window-pane,
And watch the drops of the falling rain.
And my soul grows sad with each weary dash
That strikes and patters against the sash.

For something comes to my heart once more—
A shadowy dream of the days of yore.

And I listen and hear it again, again—
A life-tale told with the voice of rain.

* * * * *

A shower at close of a Summer day,
When fields were sweet with the scent of hay—

A rush and rustle o'er thatch and eaves,
And twitter of birds under sheltering leaves—

And two that stood by the old barn-door,
'Mid golden grain on the threshing-floor,

Watching the furious storm-rack fly,
Till sunset burst through the western sky,

And lit up something—ah, glad and plain—
Love's rainbow arch, through the falling rain.

* * * * *

The cold dark Sea has no tinge of light,
Save the changing gleam of the foam-caps white.

The sands are wet, and the bare rocks show
A glistening black by the lightning's glow.

And one boat, weary with wind and tide,
Is wrestling, alone, since the daylight died.

No strength, save the might of a feeble oar,
No guide, save the gleam of a treacherous shore—

No voice, save the moan of the rushing wave,
No eye to pity—no hand to save—

No heart to thrill with an answering pain—
No help—no hope—in the driving rain.

* * * * *

Two gray stones stand where the fields are green,
And a low grave stretches its length between.

And its shadow flits o'er the greensward floor,
And speeds away to the old barn-door.

And there in the Summer the sunlight plays,
And white snow winds it in Wintry days.

And it hears the song that the sweet winds make,
And the murderous sound of the Ocean's break.

And in it is sleeping—Oh, weary pain—
Why does it haunt me again, again,
For ever and aye, in the dreary rain!

THE BURIED TREASURE.

By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRAIN.

One night, in the month of September, 1828, Furbach, the worthy and respectable bookseller of the Rue Neuhauser, Munich, awoke suddenly and in astonishment, at hearing footsteps in the garret over his chamber. Somebody was pacing to and fro in trouble of mind. One of the flat skylights in the roof was opened, and long-drawn sighs were breathed into the silence.

At that moment the clock of the Jesuits' chapel struck one, and, underneath Monsieur Furbach's bedroom, horses clattered and stamped in their stable.

The garret was occupied by the coachman, Nicklausse, a tall, good-humored fellow from Pitcherland, dry, wiry, an excellent manager of horses, and not without education, having had some little schooling at the Seminary of Marienthal; but simple-minded and superstitious to such a degree, that he constantly carried about with him, under his shirt, a small bronze cross, which he kissed every morning and evening, though he was over thirty years of age.

Monsieur Furbach listened. After a while the skylight was closed, the footsteps were stilled, the coachman's bed creaked, and all was silent.

"Ay, ay," said the old bookseller, "the moon's at the full to-night; Nicklausse is beating himself about the chest and lamenting his sins, poor devil!"

And, without further troubling himself about the matter, he turned round in his bed and went off to sleep again.

Next morning, about seven o'clock, Monsieur Furbach, his feet in his slippers, was quietly taking his breakfast before descending to his shop, when two little taps sounded on his door.

"Come in!" he cried, considerably surprised at receiving so early a visit.

The door opened, and Nicklausse appeared, dressed in a gray blouse, his head covered with a wide-brimmed mountaineer's felt hat, and his hand clutching a stout wild-apple cudgel, just as he had presented himself on first arriving from his village. He was pale.

"Monsieur Furbach," said he, "I've come to ask you to give me my discharge. Thank Heaven! I am at last going to be at ease, and able to help my grandmother Orschel, of Vangebourg."

"Have you come in for an inheritance?" asked the old bookseller.

"No, Monsieur Furbach; I've had a dream. I dreamed of a treasure, between twelve and one o'clock, and I'm going to lay my hand on it."

The good fellow spoke with so much conviction, that Monsieur Furbach was completely taken aback.

"You've had a dream, eh?" he said.

"Yes, monsieur. I've seen the treasure as plainly as I see you, in a very low-roofed vault in an old castle. There was the figure of a nobleman lying above it with joined hands, and a large iron pot on his head."

"But where was it, Nicklausse?"

"Ah! that I don't know. I shall first go in search of the castle; then I shall find the vault and the crowns. The gold pieces fill a coffin six feet long. I seem to see them now!"

The eyes of Nicklausse glittered in a strange fashion.

"Come, come," my poor Nicklausse—come, come!" cried old Furbach. "Let us be reasonable; sit down. A dream—very well, very well. In the time of Joseph, I don't say that dreams mayn't have meant something; but at this time of day things are different—everybody dreams. I myself have dreamt a hundred times of riches, but, unfortunately, I have never found 'em. Think of what you are about: you are going to give up a good place to run after a castle which perhaps has no existence."

"I have seen it," said the coachman. "It is a big castle falling into ruins; below it there is a village, a long, steep, winding road, a very old church. Many people still live in this part of the country, and a large river flows near."

"You've dreamed the whole of it, I've no doubt," said Monsieur Furbach, shrugging his shoulders.

A moment later, wishing to bring the man back to reason by some means or other, he demanded:

"Your vault—what was that like?"

"It resembled an oven."

"And you went down into it with a light, no doubt?"

"No, monsieur."

"But, if you had no light, how could you see the coffin, the knight, and the pieces of gold?"

"They were lighted by a ray of the moon."

"Come, that won't do! Does the moon shine in a vault? Your dream, you see, hasn't common sense."

Nicklausse began to lose his temper. He restrained himself, however, and said:

"I've seen it. I care nothing about all the rest; and, as to the knight, here it is," he cried, opening his blouse—"here it is!"

He drew from his bosom the little bronze cross suspended from a ribbon, and laid it on the table with an air of ecstasy.

Monsieur Furbach, who was a great amateur of medals and antiquities, was surprised at the strange and truly precious workmanship of this relic. He examined it closely, and found that it belonged to the twelfth century. In place of the effigy of the Saviour, on the centre limb was represented, in high relief, the figure of a knight, with hands joined in the attitude of prayer. No date was upon it.

During this examination, Nicklausse anxiously followed the bookseller's every gesture.

"It's very beautiful," said Monsieur Furbach, "and I shouldn't be altogether astonished at your having looked at it until you had come to believe it represented a knight keeping guard over a treasure; but, trust me, the true treasure to be looked after is that of the Cross itself; the rest isn't worth talking about."

Nicklausse returned no answer; only, after he had passed the ribbon over his neck, he said:

"I shall go—the holy Virgin will enlighten me. When Heaven wishes to do good to us, we ought to profit by it. You have always treated me well, Monsieur Furbach, it is true; but Heaven commands me to be gone. It is, besides, time for me to marry; and I have seen there, in my dream, a young girl who seemed born expressly to become my wife."

"In what direction are you going?" asked the bookseller, who couldn't help smiling at such simplicity.

"Whichever direction the wind blows from," replied Nicklausse—"that's the surest way."

"You are quite decided?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Very well; then we must settle your account. I am sorry to lose so good a servant; but I have no right to hinder you in following your vocation."

They descended together to the counting-house, and, after consulting his books, Monsieur Furbach counted out to Nicklausse two hundred and fifty Austrian florins, the accumulation of his savings, with interest, for six years; after which the worthy man wished him good-speed, and set himself to look out for another coachman.

For a long time the old bookseller related this strange story, laughing heartily at the simplicity of the folks of Pitcherland, and recommending them to his friends and acquaintances as excellent servants.

Some years later, Monsieur Furbach, having married his daughter, Mademoiselle Anna Furbach, to the rich bookseller Rubeneck, of Leipzig, retired from business. But he had so firmly contracted the habit of working, that, in spite of being sixty years of age, inaction very soon became insupportable to him. It was then that he made several journeys into Italy, France, and Belgium.

In the early Autumn days of 1838, he visited the banks of the Rhine. He was a little, keen-eyed old man, with red cheeks, and a carriage still firm. He was to be seen trotting about the deck of the steamer, his nose in the air, his overcoat tightly buttoned, an umbrella under his arm, and a silk cap drawn over his ears, chatting and asking about everything, taking notes, and freely consulting his guide-book.

One morning, between Frisenheim and Neubourg, after having spent the night in the cabin of the *dampfschiff*, in company with thirty other passengers—women, children, tourists, tradesmen—heaped upon the beaches, Monsieur Furbach, happy to escape such a vapor-bath, went upon deck at break of day.

It was about four o'clock in the morning, and a heavy mist hung upon the river. The steam roared, the vessel chopped slowly along; a few distant lights trembled in the mist, and, at times, great noises arose amid the darkness. But, dominating all, was the voice of old Rhine,

recounting the eternal legend of the generations which had passed away; the crimes, the exploits, the grandeur and the fall of those ancient margraves, whose lairs were becoming distinguishable in the awakening light.

Leaning, thoughtful-eyed, against the side of the vessel, the old bookseller saw these memories die before him. The stoker and the engineer moved about him, some sparks flew into the air, a lantern swung at the end of its cord, the breeze threw jets of spray before it; other passengers glided, like shadows, up from the cabin.

Monsieur Furbach, having turned his head, perceived a dark mass of ruins on the right bank of the stream, and a number of small houses, ranged step-like, at the foot of vast ramparts; a flying bridge swept the frothy river, with its long, dragging rope.

He went under the lantern, opened his guide-book, and read:

"*Vieux Brisach, Brisacum and Brisacus mons*, founded by Drusus; formerly the Capital of Brisgau, passed for being one of the strongest towns in Europe: the key of Germany. Bernard V. de Zoehringen built the fortified castle. Frederic Barbarossa caused the relics of Saint Gervais and Saint Protas to be transported there, into the church of Saint Etienne. Gustave Horn, a Swede, tried to take it in 1633, after having gained great advantages over the Imperialists; he failed. Brisach was ceded to France by the treaty of Westphalia; it was given back at the peace of Ruywick, in exchange for Strasbourg. It was burnt by the French in 1793; its fortifications were demolished in 1814."

"So," said he to himself, "this is the old Brisach of the Counts of Eberstein, of Osgau, of Zoehringen, of Suabia, and of Austria. I can't go by that without seeing it."

A few moments later he descended, with his luggage, from the steamer into a boat, and the *dampfschiff* continued her passage toward Bâle.

There is not, perhaps, on either bank of the Rhine, a site more strange than the ancient Capital of Brisgau, with its dismantled castle, its thousand-colored walls of brick, rubble, and mud, planted fifteen or sixteen hundred feet above the stream. It is no longer a town, and yet it is not a ruin. The dead old town is overrun by hundreds of rustic cottages, that press upon its flanks, scale its bastions, and hang on to its fissures, into which the hungry and tattered population eat their way, like gnats and mosquitoes, and the thousand insects with nippers and borers, that take up their lodgings in old oaks, and split, dry up, and reduce them to powder.

Above thatched roofs, ranged against the ramparts, still stands the gate of the fortress, with its sculptured coat-of-arms, its portcullis, and drawbridge. Wide breaches allow the débris to stream down by the side of it; bramble, moss, and ivy, join their destructive efforts to those of men. All is falling, all is passing away!

Vine-stems have taken possession of the embrasures, the goatherd and his goats boldly place themselves on the cornices, and, strange to see, the women of the village, the girls, and old gossips, put their faces out from a thousand holes made in the castle-walls; every cellar of the old fortress has been turned into a commodious dwelling-place—all that had to be done was to put skylights and windows into the ramparts. Shirts, red or blue gowns, all the rags, in fact, of these households, are seen fluttering in the air from their summits. Above all, still stand a few solid edifices, gardens, large oaks, and the Cathedral of St. Etienne, so much venerated by Barbarossa.

Nicklausse returned no answer; only, after he had passed the ribbon over his neck, he said:

"I shall go—the holy Virgin will enlighten me. When Heaven wishes to do good to us, we ought to profit by it."

"It's Nicklausse!"

"Yes, Nicklausse," cried the landlord of the hotel; "yes, it's me. Ah, monsieur! if I dare—"

Monsieur Furbach had risen.

"Don't be uneasy," said he, smiling, "I am happy, very happy, Nicklausse, to see you again so well off. Let us embrace, if it will be any pleasure to you."

And they hugged each other like old comrades.

Nicklausse wept; the servants flocked in; the good landlord rushed to the door at the end of the room, crying:

"Wife! children! come and see here! Make haste! My old master is here! Come quickly!"

A young woman of thirty, fresh, graceful and handsome, a tall boy of eight or nine years old, and another somewhat younger, appeared.

"It's my master!" cried Nicklausse. Monsieur Furbach, here is my wife—here are my children. Ah! if you would only bless them!"

The old bookseller had never blessed anybody, but he very willingly kissed the young wife and the little ones also, the younger of whom set up a-crying, under the belief that something distressing was the matter, while the other stared wonderstruck with all his eyes.

"Ah! monsieur," said the young wife, all flushed and agitated, "how many times my husband has spoken of you to me—of your goodness, of all he owes to you!"

"Yes," interrupted Nicklausse, "a hundred times I have been minded to write to you, monsieur; but I had so many things to tell you that required explanation. In short, you must forgive me."

"You shall know all about it," replied the landlord; "this evening—to-morrow—I'll tell you the whole story. It is the Lord that has protected me! It is to Him I owe all! It's almost a miracle, isn't it, Fridoline?"

The young woman made a sign of assent.

"Well, well, all is for the best," said Monsieur Furbach, reseating himself; "you must allow me to spend a day or two in your hotel, to renew our acquaintance."

"Ah, monsieur, you are at home!" cried Nicklausse; "I'll go with you to Fribourg, and show you all the curiosities of the country; I'll conduct you myself."

The warm regard of these good people was not to be withstood; Monsieur Furbach was touched even to tears by it. During the whole of that day and the day following, Nicklausse did the honors of Old Brisach and its environs. Whether he would or not, Nicklausse himself

drove him about in a carriage; and as Nicklausse was the richest proprietor in the country, as he possessed the finest vines, the fattest pastures in the district, and had money invested on all sides, the astonishment of Brisach may be imagined at seeing him driving a stranger about in this manner: Monsieur Furbach passed for some prince travelling incognito. As to the service of the hotel, as to the good cheer, the wines and other accessories of the kind, I say nothing; all were splendid; the old bookseller could not but admit that he had never been treated more grandly, and it was not without impatience that he awaited the explanation of the "miracle," as Nicklausse called it. The dream of his old domestic recurred to his memory, and appeared to him the only explanation possible of a fortune so rapidly acquired.

At length, on the third day, toward nine o'clock in the evening, after supper, the old master and his coachman, finding themselves alone, with some bottles of old Rudesheim before them, looked long and expectantly at one another. Nicklausse was about to commence his confidences, when a servant entered to clear the table.

"Go to bed, Kasper," said he; "you can clear away these things in the morning. Only lock and bolt the outer door."

When the domestic was gone, Nicklausse rose, opened one of the windows of the room to freshen the air, then, gravely resuming himself, commenced his communication.

(To be continued.)

THE HUNTED FAMILY.

I suppose that San Francisco is as safe and pleasant a capital to reside in as any in the world now; but it was not so when I first went there—some twenty years ago. It had sprung up like Aladdin's palace on the discovery of gold in California, and as the thousands who flocked thither were too delirious with the yellow metal fever—took wild to get up to the beds of wealth, to think about laws, regulations, or police, every one did what was right in his own eyes; and Vice and Crime went to the wickets together, got hold of the ball, and had a grand innings. When the Anglo-Saxon love of order began to resume its sway, matters grew worse, for the vilest criminals managed to assume the chief authority, and carried on wholesale murder and pillage under the guise of protecting the citizens. This kind of thing could not last long; self-protection necessitated the establishment of lynch law, carried out by a Vigilance Committee, of which I was one of the most active members. I was very young, indeed I ought properly to have been an Oxford freshman at the time; but my poor father took a very harsh view of a little peccadillo I got into, and—ah, well, well!—I was young, I repeat, but knocking about the world matures a man rapidly, and somehow I took a lead, and it was generally considered that I was the principal agent in bringing certain members of the most dangerous confederation in the town to rough justice. This was a band of desperadoes, headed by a clever, daring, enterprising villain, known as Tom Blood—probably a soubriquet, and if so, one as appropriate as horrible. We could not catch this leader, but we hung up his four most reckless followers. Mr. Blood was aware to whom he was indebted for this spoiling of his game, and honored me with an autograph letter, in which he confessed that it was his hour of triumph just then, but promised to be even with me one day. And he confirmed this assertion with oaths which might make a Ribbonman's blood run cold.

Some time after that I joined an expedition to Nicaragua, where I happened to become very intimate with a Spanish family. I played chess with the father, the sons taught me how to use the lasso, and the daughter lassoed me herself. So I married and settled—settled literally, not in your sense. I bought land, and sheep, and oxen, and built a house, and led the life of the early colonist who has to clear away the forest before he can plant his crops. It was rather lonely, when one had time to think about it, for our nearest neighbor lived ten miles off, and he was a deadly enemy. The fact was that he and I had both wanted the same land—a fertile tract on the inland slope of the mountains rising to the south of the Great Lake; and I believe that I was unduly favored in the allotment through the influence of my father-in-law, which was considerable. At all events, the other fellow, Enrico, thought so, and loved me accordingly. Indeed, I happened to be the only "Yankee," as I was considered, in the immediate district, and my matrimonial success had excited some jealousy in Granada.

Another matter affected me much more. I often had to make the journey to Greystown on business, and on one of these occasions I went into the bar of the principal hotel, and suddenly found myself face to face with Tom Blood. I caught hold of my pistol, expecting him to shoot, but he didn't. He only smiled, if you call the grimace the fellow made by that name, and said that he was glad to see me. "I can't jest pay the little account we have together on the nail," he said, "but I won't keep yer waiting long; no!"

"Take your time; I have a receipt in full ready for you at any moment," I replied, as defiantly as possible. But I was startled; I had a wife and child now. The course of events did not tend to reassure me; the country was in a very disturbed state, and Tom Blood, whose name soon began to grow a terror, espoused the political cause which was favored by Enrico, and the two were seen together by one of my brothers-in-law.

One day I had been out felling trees at a distance, and was returning in the evening, when, about two miles from home, I met my wife, with her baby in her arms, and looking wild. A stranger had ridden up, and asked for me, saying that there was an appointment. She had invited him in and given him food

but his manner was so queer that she took fright, and, making an excuse about attending to supper, had slipped out. Surprised not to see any of our people about, she went to the stable; it was empty! the horse of the stranger being picketed in front of the house, and our own—gone!

Thoroughly alarmed, she had come to meet me, and now urged immediate flight. I demurred to this—the man might really have come to buy bullocks; but the disappearance of the horses? Queer, certainly; yet it was a serious thing to leave home and property, not to mention the exposure of a woman to a long night march.

I determined to go back, and judge whether her presentiment was well founded. Before we had gone far, however, I saw a glint among the trees in the distance, and threw myself down amongst the brushwood, whispering my wife to do the same and keep the child from crying. Two men rode leisurely up, following the path close to which we lay hid. One of them was speaking:

"Oh, he is strong enough to hold half-a-dozen such as Mildmy. He will seize him when he hears the whistle; then we rush in and—"

Here the cold-blooded villain threatened horrors, in language the brutality of which I was thankful for: it prevented my wife, whose acquaintance with English was as yet imperfect, from understanding him.

I recognized the voice of Tom Blood!

They passed on.

There was no question now about the necessity for flight. My plan was to cross the mountain ridge, strike the bridle-path, which took the route of the cataract, descend to the shores of the lake, take boat, and cross to Granada. Once down by the lake we were safe; for, though I could not reckon the people in the small settlement there as my friends, they were honest folks, and would not see me ruined and murdered by men like Tom Blood, were it but for their own security. The distance was about thirty miles only, but such miles! part through tangled forest; part over steep mountain paths. Alone, indeed, I should have thought nothing of it; but how could my wife, burdened as she was—for I had to use my ax too often to be able to carry the child—how could she bear it? No use asking that; it had to be done.

Night soon fell upon us with tropical suddenness; and, after we had gone some five miles, our progress was slow, for I had to clear the brushwood at every step, disturbing many a noisome, deadly reptile, which glided hissing away. We feared them not, for they sought not to harm those who left them in peace; it was Man, Cain-stamped Man, that we dreaded.

Five hours' work, and the wood grew thinner, huge masses of rock bulging up amongst the trees. Then I was able to take the child, and we pressed on, up, up, toward the summit of the ridge. The trees grew yet sparser, until there were but a few clumps of dwarfed firs here and there; and then were often forced to halt. I heard the sound of the ever-roaring cataract, and we knew we were among the precipices. Nothing but the most immediate peril would have justified our pursuing our course by night; for though the path was familiar to me by daylight, it was easily missed in the dark, and there were many places where a false step would be fatal. Then how should our enemies trace us? how guess the route we had taken? We crouched under the lee of a sheltering rock—for at that altitude the air was cold, and my wife was lightly clad—and rested. Fortunately, my flask was not empty, and I had the remains of my midday meal in my pocket; we finished what there was, and watched for the dawn. The baby cried with the cold, and even in that solitude I shuddered, let the sound should betray us.

Light in the east at last. We hastened on, and soon came in sight of the bridge over the cataract. One of the tributaries of the Great Lake made two leaps here as it rushed along its rocky course—the first, a shorter one of some thirty feet, into a pool where its volume was swelled by the rush of another mountain torrent which sprang simultaneously from the side; then a terrible, appalling, suicidal dash into the unknown depths. The edge of this water-paved abyss was broken by a mass of rock which rose above the torrent, and this had been made use of as the centre buttress of a rude bridge. A fragile passage over such a nasty place—merely a couple of poles laid perpendicularly from a peak which actually hung over the cataract, and a few logs nailed across them; then a similar continuation to the further side. But the traveler to the shores of the Great Lake must cross there, or go ten miles out of his way; so that the most delicate nerves must have braced themselves to the passage. Of course, we inhabitants thought nothing of it; we hailed the sight of it now with joy, indeed.

"Hark! the bay of a bloodhound? I glanced along the way we had come, and saw our pursuers—a dozen of them at least, two on horseback.

"Take the child!—quick!" cried I. "Cross the bridge, turn to the left, keep to the natural steps close to the brink, and you are safe!"

She ran lightly over, holding the child. I followed as far as the centre rock, and commenced cutting away the main poles of the bridge with my ax, and I doubt whether woodman ever made his tool fly faster or bite deeper. On they came—it was time-work with a vengeance! Not on my wedding-day did I feel half the joy with which I now saw that frail wood-work part swing back, and flash down the precipice just as the enemy came up! I stepped across the other half of the bridge to where my wife had passed, to see the effect of my effort; then she turned in the direction I had bidden her—not too soon, for a bullet struck the spot where she had been standing. I was about to spring after her, when I perceived that a man so reckless as Blood might, by a desperate leap, reach the centre rock, while to jump from thence to our side was impossible;

there was no run, and the landing was narrow and slippery. I had cut the wrong bridge! The only remedy was to chop this down, too, and I began to do it. The cloud of spray partially concealed me; but that the villains could make out what I was at was proved by several more pistol-bullets patterning against the rock behind me. But the rascals were out of breath, and could not shoot straight. Half-a-dozen blows, and the ruin of the bridge was complete; then a few steps took me out of sight of the pursuers, and to the side of my brave little wife.

"Sa'e!" I shouted in her ear, as I took the baby from her—my girl, whom you know.

Before the heat of the day, we were safe at the lake; on the following morning we crossed to Granada. It was touch and go, though; the bloodhound nearly beat us.

That wretch, Tom Blood, got off scot-free for the time; but I had the pleasure of witnessing his being hanged, six months later. Mrs. Mildmy never liked the old place afterward, though, so I sold everything off at an alarming sacrifice, and went back to California, where I made my pile, as the Yanks say. But I doubt if I should ever have come back to the old country, if it had not given me a sort of disgust to have been hunted like a nigger—hum—I mean like a fox.

SOME SOMNAMBULISTS.

DR. W. B. CARPENTER mentions the case of a somnambulist who sat down and wrote with the utmost regularity and uniformity. "Not only were the lines well written, and at the proper distances, but the 'i's were dotted, and the 'l's crossed; and in one instance the writer went back half a line to make a correction, crossing off a word, and writing another above it, with as much caution as if he had been guided by vision." A young collegian got out of bed in his sleep, lit a candle, sat down to a table, wrote his geometry and algebra, extinguished the light, and went to bed again; the lighting of the candle was a mere effect of habit, for his eyes were shut, and he was really not awake. About the beginning of the present century a banker at Amsterdam requested Professor van Swinden to solve for him a calculation of a peculiar and difficult kind. The professor tried it, failed, and submitted it to ten of his pupils as a good mathematical exercise. One of them, after two or three days' work at it, went to bed one night with his mind full of the subject, and fell asleep. On waking in the morning he was astonished to find on his table sheets of paper containing the full working out of the problem in his own handwriting; he had got up in the night and done it, in his sleep and in the dark. The first French *Encyclopédie* narrated the case of a young ecclesiastic at Bordeaux who was in the habit of getting out of bed in his sleep, going to a table, taking writing materials, and writing a sermon. He was often watched while doing this, and an opaque screen was cautiously placed between his eyes and the paper; but he wrote on just the same. One example of mental discrimination displayed by him was very remarkable, showing how strangely awake even the reasoning faculties may be during somnambulistic sleep. He wrote the three French words, "ce divin enfant;" then changed "divin" into "adorable;" then recognized that "ce" would not suit before an adjective commencing with a vowel; and finally changed it into "cel." On another occasion the paper on which he was writing was taken away, and a similar sheet substituted; but he immediately perceived the change. On a third occasion he was writing music, with words underneath. The words were in rather too large a character, insomuch that the respective syllables did not stand under their proper notes. He perceived the error, blotted out the part, and wrote it carefully again; and all this without real vision, such as we ordinarily understand by the term.

Dr. James Gregory cites the case of a young military officer, going with his regiment in a troopship to a foreign station, in 1758, who, when asleep, was peculiarly sensitive to the voices of his familiar acquaintances, and powerfully influenced by anything they said to him. Some of the other young officers, ready for any pranks, would lead him on through all the stages of a duel, or of an impending shipwreck, or of a sanguinary battle—each sentence spoken by them turning his dream (if it may be called a dream) into a particular direction; until at length he would start up in imaginary danger, and, perhaps, awake by falling out of his berth or stumbling over a rope.

To the list of earth-eating people the Javanese must be reckoned; and Professor Fuchs has given a full account of the edible earth in use by these people. One deposit, possessing an intensely red color, exists in the neighborhood of Sura Baja, between strata referable to the time of the latest tertiary. This earth is formed into thin cakes, having a diameter of from one to one and a half inches; it is then dried over an open fire, and in this condition is brought into the market. It is perfectly smooth to the touch, and is composed of materials in the finest state of subdivision. By a chemical analysis, it is found not to contain the slightest trace of an organic substance. It is apparent that the earth consists of a clay rich in iron, in which is still retained small quantities, yet undecomposed, of the minerals from which it derived its origin. Upon rubbing it, not the slightest grittiness is perceptible, and on being moistened with water it forms a smooth and unctuous mass. The enjoyment derived from eating it seems to reside in the similarity of the sensations it produces with those derived from the eating of fatty substances. In many parts of Würtemberg the quarrymen have the habit of eating the smooth, unctuous clay which collects in the fissures of the rocks. The term "Mondschmalz," which they apply to it, would seem to refer to the enjoyment they experience in the process of eating.

There has been an item going around about a hen in Boston laying eggs so small that twenty-one of them were put in a collar-box at once. That looked like pretty small business for an able-bodied hen, until the author of the story was discovered. He said it was a horse-collar box he meant.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LOTTA and her mother will spend the summer at Long Branch.

THE Stadt Theatre at Breslau, Germany, was burned on the 13th inst.

THE Abbé Franz Liszt has been stopping at Weimar since the 3d of May.

At Niblo's, June 26th, the ambrosial John Collins appeared as *Myles na Cappoone*, in the "Bawn."

At the Fifth Avenue Theatre, Mr. Daly produced a rattling comedy entitled "Delmonico's," June 20th.

MAJOR DE BOOTS CLARKE is doing the Rhine and Switzerland, with his family, and will play in London during the Fall.

AT Wallack's, "The Long Strike" was presented, June 21st. Stoddart, as the nervous and soft-hearted lawyer, carried off the honors.

EDWIN BOOTH opines that the poetic drama of "The Man o' Airlie" will be worth, to Mr. Lawrence Barrett, a quarter of a million. It will close in New York on the 4th of July.

AT the Bowery Theatre, James McGuire appeared June 19th in a sensational piece called "A Leap for Life." The object of his appearance was to leap from a bridge through a waterfall, with a child in his arms.

JANAUSCHEK will travel next season with a complete dramatic company, under the direction of Mr. Pilot. Among those already engaged are M. Levick, J. Studley, John Jack, H. A. Weaver, Rendle, Ida Vernon and Anna Firmin.

MARIE CABEL, Tietjens, Trebelli-Bettini, Molan-Carvalho, Marimon, Ilma di Murska, Patti, Lucca, Sessi, Gaziana, Gardini, Bettini, Tagliacico, Santley and Sims Reeves, with a host of lesser lights, are all shining in London at once.

THERE was great fun, and some unnecessary rowdiness, at the Philadelphia Academy, June 23d, when a stage-struck amateur named Estlin undertook *Claude Melnotte*. Vegetables and a devitalized cat greeted him, and the *Pauline* had to close the performance by refusing to act.

THE Théâtre Lyrique is a mass of ashes, but the Théâtre du Châtelet has not been destroyed, as reported. Strangely enough, the New Opera has escaped all injury; Carpeaux's statuary, which furnished so many texts for sermons on the demoralization of the Imperial era, is left untouched—unstained even with ink.

THE Twelfth National Musical Festival of the North-Eastern Saengerbund began on Sunday in this city, attracting throngs of musicians from the different cities of the continent. On Sunday, there were a rehearsal at the Skating Rink on Third Avenue, and an evening reception concert at the Academy. On Monday, a competition for prizes at Steinway Hall, and a monster concert at the Rink. On Tuesday, another grand concert; and on Wednesday, a picnic among the dryads of Jones's Wood.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A VESSEL arrived at Sandy Hook on the 11th ultimo, having on board a hundred cases of cigars and two cases of measles.

THERE is nothing sacred in this age of slang verses. Think of a Baltimore poet daring to write of the Death of Cleopatra, after this fashion:

She got a little pison snake,
And hid it in her gown;
It gave its little tail a shake,
And did her job up brown!

She tumbled down upon her bed,
Where she was wont to lie,
Removed her chignon from her head,
And followed Antony!

JULY 4TH AT THE MENAGERIE.—*The Little New Elephant*—"Hullo, Bruin, how pale you look! One would think you'd changed heads with the polar bear?"

Bruin—"Yes, it's the buns. There were 31,457 people here yesterday. They gave me 31,457 buns. You look rather bloated, and red about the nose—buns, I suppose?"

The Elephant—"Yes; and ginger-beer, too, I'm sorry to say. One can't refuse,"

The Emu—"Ah! I could manage buns and ginger-beer—it's the ginger-beer bottles, and brown paper and rusty nails they give one. As for you, my dear (*to the Giraffe*) you look more spotty than ever!"

The Giraffe—"Ugh!"

SAID LE PÈRE HYACINTHE TO THE POPE,

Per his friend, Monsignor de Mordé—
"At your feet my full soul let me ope,"

Said the Pope—in effect—"You be blowed!"

"If you seek for a place at my hands,
I've a cell would fit you to a trivet:

You shodd head some protection demands,
So, look! Hyacinthine I'll give it!"

A GIFT THAT WILL BE APPRECIATED.—"The Pope has sent 60,000 francs for the relief of Paris, and several chests of—provisions? No—Sacred objects for the Churches."

AWKWARD REVELATION.—Dr. Blandyshe did not show his accustomed tact when, called in to a professional vocalist, he told her that what she was suffering from was a want of "tone."

FOREIGNERS who visit our shores, and are the prey of porters, cabmen, and other extortionists, at once understand what is meant by our income-tax.

TEETOTALER'S EXCESS—Water-tight!

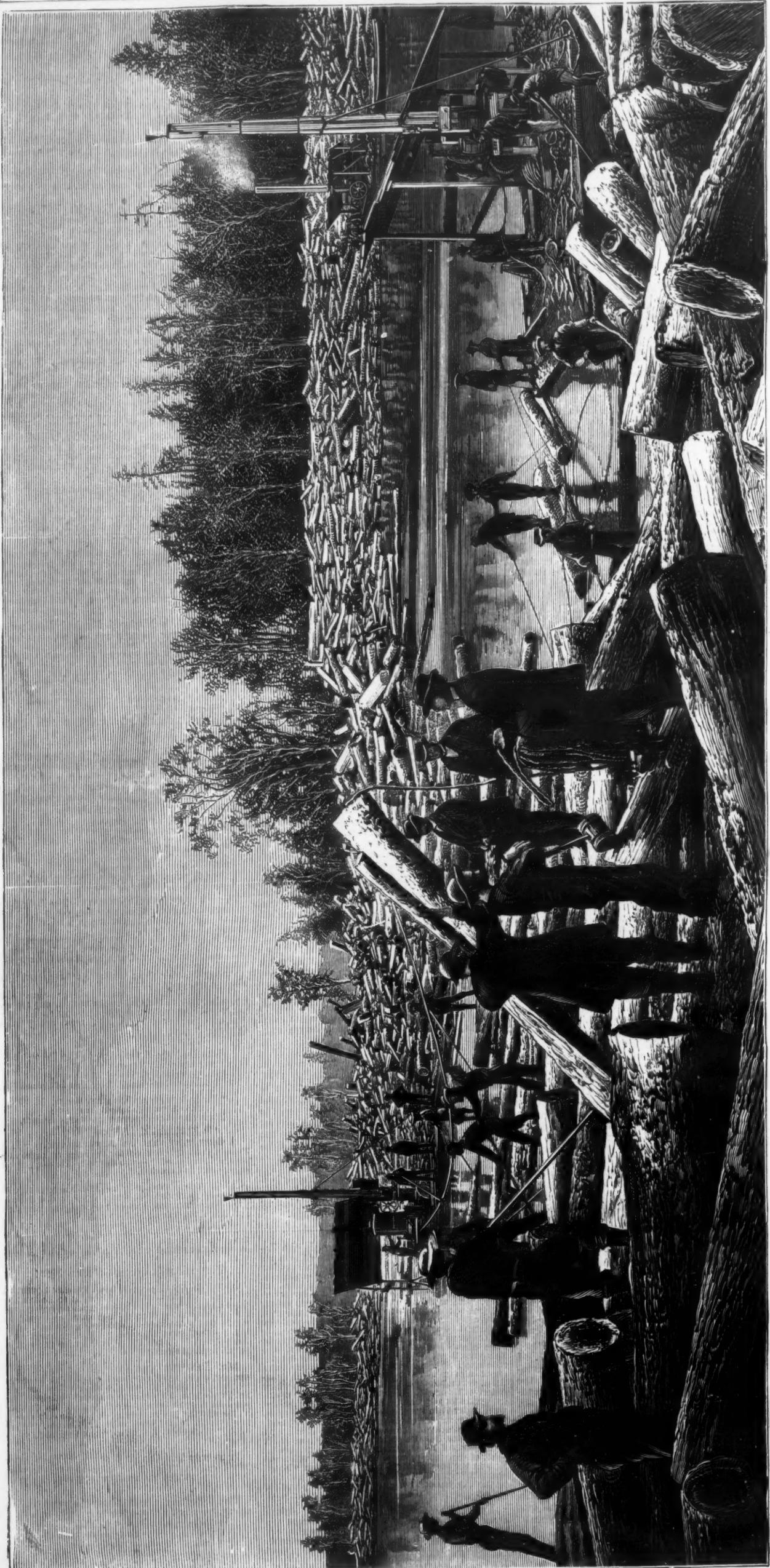
MUSICAL HORSES.—In a Down-East journal we read that the famous Ninth went to Boston the other day, that the "men looked well and hearty, and bore a soldier-like bearing, and that the steeds on which they rode were in excellent condition, playing as they went through, 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes!'" What circus will secure these marvelous musical steeds?

MR. LINCOLN was exceedingly astonished one day, as he was inspecting the prison in Washington, by a prisoner, who said to him: "How are you, Mr. President? I am glad to see you! I believe that you and I have been in every jail in the Union." "This and the jail in Springfield are the only ones I was ever in in my life," said Mr. Lincoln. "Very likely," responded the rogue, "but I've been in all the rest."

It is true that the poet says, "Friend after friend departs;" but it by no means follows from this statement that the Quakers will vote the Democratic ticket.

The following ribald lines, the work of an enemy, we quote only to reprobate:

"Satan trembles when he sees
The meanest saint upon his knees."
Imagine, then, his wild despair
At seeing Colonel Jeames at prayer!
He never saw, in all his dreams,
A meeker saint than Colonel Jeames!



WISCONSIN.—APPLICATION OF STEAM-POWER TO THE BREAKING-UP OF A LOG-JAM ON THE CHIPPEWA RIVER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES A. ZIMMERMAN, ST. PAUL.

A. LOG-JAM.

Breaking a "jam" is exceedingly dangerous work, the usual method being to put on the top of a log standing; practice and their cork-heels enabling them to preserve their balance. On the Chippewa River, Wisconsin, Messrs. Pound & Halbert, to facilitate operations, have employed steam-power in breaking a "jam." Placing engines on barges a few rods below it, then throwing out a three-inch cable with a stout iron hook attached, the latter was firmly imbedded in the end of a log, inclining at the proper angle; steam was then turned, the slack of the cable winding up on a windlass, and when taut the strain gradually increased, until the log was jerked out, thereby loosening a great number of others; by this means a channel over a mile in length was broken through the centre of the "jam" in about four hours.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB

This annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club, regarded in yachting circles as the great event of the year, was sailed Thursday, June 22d. The race outward, as far as the South-West Spit Buoy, owing to a good breeze and a fair start, was quite exciting and brilliant; but, taken as a whole, the regatta, on account of several very awkward blunders on the part of the judges and some of the sailing-masters of the yachts, was decidedly a tame affair.

The regatta consisted of three races, em-

bracing as prizes, collectively, seven magni-

ficent cups. In the first race, open only to boats of the club, three cups were offered, as follows:

One for schooners, valued at \$250; one for first-class sloops, \$150; one for second-class sloops, \$100. For this race, there were entries for every prize; but the Breeze, the only second-class sloop, did not start.

A. sloop, was anchored abreast of the lower landing, known as Vanderbilt's, Staten Island, about 250 yards to the south of the schooner line were the sloops—the Kaiser Wilhelm to windward; then the Coming, Arline, Addie, Vixen, and Gracie.

At 11:41, the first gun was fired to get ready; at 11:53, the second, to start. The Peerless led among the sloops. The schooners started well together. The Madeleine was the first to show her heels, the Narrows being

tered the Kaiser Wilhelm, Peerless, and Coming, when the yachts were aligned for the start, the Fleetwing, being the furthest from the Staten Island shore, and the wind southeast, had the weather position; and the others were in line between her and the shore, as follows:

In the first race, the Kaiser soon overtook the Fleetwing, the first objective point in the course. Here, unfortunately, a blunder occurred which spoiled the sport in a most pitiable way. The boat, which had been sent down by the judges to mark the time at this place, was stupidly taken to the wrong buoy and there secured. This blunder deceived the pilots of several of the yachts, causing them to make a wrong turn, and to be thus thrown out of the race. This was the fate of both leading yachts—the Magic and the Peerless.

passed in the following order: Kaiser Wilhelm, Vixen, Tidal Wave, Palmer, Fleetwing—the others crowding through within five minutes following. With the schooners the interest centred in the Tidal Wave and Magic.

The race between which was exciting. The Peerless soon overtook the Kaiser Wilhelm, and led the way to the Spit buoy, the first objective point in the course. Here, unfortunately, a blunder occurred which spoiled the sport in a most pitiable way. The boat, which had been sent down by the judges to mark the time at this place, was stupidly taken to the wrong buoy and there secured. This blunder deceived the pilots of several of the yachts, causing them to make a wrong turn, and to be thus thrown out of the race. This was the fate of both leading yachts—the Magic and the Peerless.



PARIS.—SCENE AT THE SHOOTING OF ARCHBISHOP DARBOY—TWO OF HIS EXECUTIONERS REPENT AND ASK HIS BLESSING.

The true buoy was rounded by the *Wanderer* at 1:10.30, followed by the *Fleetwing* at 1:22.30, and the *Coming* at 1:24.55, the only sloop that went round. Here another accident occurred, the *Madeleine* losing her main-rigging and tearing her foresail by collision with the *Dauntless*.

It will be understood that, owing to this chapter of blunders and disasters, the interest in the run home was not what it would have been; besides, there was but little wind, and a strong tide set against the yachts.

The yachts arrived home in the following order: *Tidal Wave*, 6:0.19; *Columbia*, 6:1.52; *Palmer*, 6:27.42; *Addie*, 6:27.55; *Magic*, 6:28.21; *Idler*, 6:30.26; *Peerless*, 6:31.26; *Kaiser Wilhelm*, 6:33.55; *Wanderer*, 6:35.43; *Vixen*, 6:36.54; *Allee*, 6:43.17; *Gracie*, 6:43.46; *Coming*, 6:49.28; Passed the wrong side of the boat: *Halcyon*, 6:51.41; *Rambler*, 7:3.03; *Dauntless*, 7:3.10; *Fleetwing*, 7:5.39; *Sappho*, 7:6.52; *Tarolata*, 7:9.6; *Madeleine*, 7:33.

23; *Alarm*, 7:47.

The following yachts took prizes: *Schooners*.—*Tidal Wave*, the *Regatta*, *Subscription*, and *Challenge Cups*. *Sloops*—*First Class*.—*Addie*, the *Regatta*, *Subscription*, and *Challenge Cups*. *Sloops*—*Second Class*.—*Breeze*, the *Regatta Cup*.

The President and his family, Miss Nilsson, and other celebrities, were among the spectators.

MURDER OF MGR. DARBOY.

"WE want six of the hostages, for six of our own men are lost!" Such were the words of Citizen Ferré, Delegate of General Safety, on entering the fourth division of the Prison of La Roquette, in Paris, on the evening of May 24th. Six members of the Commune, in fact, had just been shot by the Versaillists entering Paris by the breach. To punish their punishers, the Communists determined on these reprisals; and Ferré, his roll-book in hand, himself chose the six victims to be shot. Monsieur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris; President Bonjean; Abbé Allard, member of the Society for Assisting the Wounded; Father Doudray, Superior of the School of Saint Genevieve; Fa-

ther Clerc, a Jesuit; and Abbé Deguerry, a curé in the church of La Madeleine. The number filled up, Citizen Ferré entered cell No. 21, that of the Archbishop. He called the prisoner, who, in his calm, firm voice, answered "Present!" On leaving his cell, the Archbishop said to him, "The justice of tyrants is very long in coming!" The executions took place in the court of the Infirmary. Here, at a quarter past eight in the evening, the shots began, each victim taking his turn at the fatal wall. And here took place the singular scene sketched by the artist, when Monseigneur Darboy, addressing words of forgiveness to his executioners, so touched the hearts of two of them that these bloody men came and knelt before the priest, soliciting his benediction. This firmness of purpose was not to the taste of the others, who fell upon their relenting comrades, and pushed them back with insults.

LONG ISLAND CLUB.

We present our readers with a picture of the beautiful building situated in Brooklyn, corner of Montague and Remsen Streets, and known as the Long Island Club House. It is not necessary for us to state that, externally, it is one of the most perfect of all the splendid club-houses in the country. There are some possibly more expensive, but not one is more attractive in its architectural design and situation, and not one superior in its internal arrangements. With all the charms Brooklyn possesses as a place for private residences, it has always been deficient in those metropolitan advantages afforded by first-class hotel establishments conducted on the European plan, and well-organized club-houses.

The establishment, therefore, of the Long Island Club, was a necessity, and fortunately

the necessity was crystallized into practicality by efficient and experienced gentlemen. A little over a year ago, E. T. Wood and Cortland A. Sprague, Esq., called an informal meeting at the Mayor's Office, a prospectus was prepared, signed by eight gentlemen, and this movement, so auspiciously begun, in the course of a few weeks consummated in the organization of the club, the procurement of the proper certificate of incorporation, the enrollment of the members, and the election of the proper officers.

The corporate name was decided upon, and the spirit of the club set forth as follows: "The business and object of said association or society shall be to advance Democratic principles, and for the purpose of social enjoyment; to promote social intercourse among the members thereof, and to provide for them a pleasant place of common resort for entertainment and improvement." At the second annual election, which has just been held, the following distinguished gentlemen were elected directors for the current year: Alexander McCue, Edward J. Lowber, Dennis Barnes, William C. Kingsley, Edward Rowe, James Howell, Jr., William D. Veeder, Edward T. Wood, Cortland A. Sprague, Martin Kalbfleisch, James B. Craig, William Van Anden, Thomas Carroll, Marvin T. Rodman, Daniel P. Barnard, William A. Fowler, Henry C. Murphy, Nicholas Van Brunt, Michael Chancery, George Thompson, James F. Pierce, Evan M. Johnson, Electus B. Litchfield, Thomas Kinsella, Wm. J. Osborne, Wm. Swartzwalder, H. J. Cullen, Jr., F. S. Massey, and Wm. H. Thompson.

The reception given at the meeting of the club was a splendid affair, at which were invited, in addition to distinguished guests, a large number of the most accomplished and beautiful ladies of Brooklyn, who gave their unqualified praise of the domestic arrangements of the club, and are still eloquent upon the taste and hospitality displayed on that memorable occasion. With such endorsement, the success of the club is *un fait accompli*.



LONG ISLAND.—THE NEW LONG ISLAND CLUB HOUSE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW JACKSON.

Or the many fresh-water fish characteristic of the continent of North America, comparatively few, with the exception of members of the salmon and trout family, are of sufficient economical value to make it expedient to introduce them into regions where they do not naturally occur. This transfer has been made to a very disastrous extent in the case of the pike (*Esox*), which, although multiplying rapidly, is, at the same time, the determined foe of all other kinds of fish, and soon almost exterminates them from the waters which it inhabits. For this reason, some States have passed laws prohibiting, under severe penalties, except by direct permission of the Commissioners of the Fisheries, any transfer of the species in question to new localities. There is, however, one fish that is of great value, and which can be introduced without as much doubt of the propriety of the act as exists in regard to the pike. We refer to the black bass (*Grystes salmoides*). This inhabits, in one variety or another, the basin of the great lakes of the Mississippi Valley, and the upper waters of the streams of the South Atlantic Coast as far north as the James River. Within a few years, it has been transferred with success to streams previously uninhabited by it—to the Potomac, for one, where it is now extremely abundant. During the past Summer, some public-spirited gentlemen of Philadelphia collected among themselves a fund to stock the Delaware, with this noble fish, and obtained about seven hundred, principally in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry. These were carried alive in large tanks to the Delaware, and deposited in that stream at Easton, about two hundred of the number dying by the way. The same party of gentlemen propose to use a surplus fund in their hands in experimenting upon the re-stocking of the river with shad and salmon.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Journal of Agriculture* states that the leaves of the common basket-willow (*Salix nigra*, Marshall) make an excellent yeast, if treated in the same way as is usual with hops. "The discovery," he says, "was made in my family last Summer, and after a thorough trial I was convinced that there is nothing equal to it, as it rises much quicker than hops—in half the time—imparts none of that hop flavor so disagreeable to some, and, in fact, makes better bread in every way. The thing is well worthy the attention of every good housewife; and lest some should hesitate in consequence of not knowing the medical properties of the willow in question, I will add that it is a healthful tonic, from which no harm can possibly arise."

THE ART OF ELECTRO-PLATING.—Few persons have an adequate idea of the great improvements that have taken place in the last few years in the art of Electro-Plating by the Meriden Britannia Company, of West Meriden, Conn. We recently had an opportunity of inspecting this vast establishment, which is probably the most extensive of its kind in the world. Every conceivable article of table or communion ware, and a great variety of articles of ornament, are manufactured and finished in such a manner as to almost deceive experts, when compared with goods made of solid silver. This company are the sole owners of many valuable patents, one of which is for depositing silver any requisite thickness on the parts of spoons and forks where most exposed to wear; also the celebrated Porcelain-lined Ice-Pitchers, of which they are now making a specialty. The business of this establishment, the salesroom of which is at 190 Broadway, New York, is enormous. The yearly production is over \$3,000,000, and is constantly increasing.—*Independent*.

All Henry Ward Beecher says of the sufferings from rupture, and his state of comparative sanity, is encouraging to the afflicted.

Mr. Beecher never wished to be culpable of negligence. Dr. Sherman had informed him of the perils attending inflamed or strangulated rupture. Mr. Beecher, after Dr. Sherman had made him sensible of the calamity that might befall any one ruptured, experienced the most alarming symptoms—could not rest night nor day until the burden of anguish was removed from his mind by writing Dr. Sherman to put on a truss. He knew if Dr. Sherman put on the truss it would be put on right—it would not hurt him—it would be scientifically suited to the anatomy of the case. Mr. Beecher felt that he knew more about the Bible and preaching than he did about trusses and rupture; but, at the same time, he was just as sensitive of pain as any one having an old rupture.

Dr. Sherman at once made application to Mr. Beecher's case for radical cure, the success of which has been of the most satisfactory character. Mr. Beecher now preaches without fear of strangulated rupture, as witnessed in his performance. His vigor is very remarkable, and should lead every one ruptured to secure Dr. Sherman's method of cure. Trusses are an irksome means of relief, generally inflicting injury from continued use. Dispensing with them is what makes Dr. Sherman's system so popular, and if he treats all cases as effectually as he did Dr. Beecher's—without a truss, it is no wonder that his office is daily crowded, and that certificates and letters for publication are sent to him by those as sensitive, if not as popular, as the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

With these considerations, we say to those who have hernia, consult Dr. Sherman, if you hope to be restored.

ALL ruptured persons who desire relief and cure should call on Dr. Sherman, 697 Broadway, or send 10 cents for his book pamphlet of photographic likenesses of patients before and after cure, including the Henry Ward Beecher letters, with fine portrait of Mr. Beecher. Consultation free.

THE KELLEY'S ISLAND WINES.—These wines, manufactured in Ohio from the pure juice of the grape, are certainly unexcelled by any in the market. The Sparkling Catawba is considered by connoisseurs in quality to be fully equal to many of the imported brands, and much purer than some which claim pre-eminence. The General Depot is at 28 and 30 West Broadway. A test of these wines and cordials of American production will insure their adoption by all who want the pure article.

NOTWITHSTANDING the recent rise in the price of cotton goods, Mr. Richard Meares, Nineteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, N. Y., is still supplying his celebrated PARAGON SHIRTS at the old figures and quality. We have tried these manufactures of Mr. Meares, and can say, that better fitting shirts we never had. To secure half-a-dozen "Paragon Shirts" at present rates, our gentlemen readers should forward their orders at once, as per advertisement.

UNION ADAMS & CO., No. 687 Broadway, always alive to the demands of the seasons, have opened a large collection of superior bathing-suits, the advantage of which will be apparent to all lovers

of the surf who test them. Besides being extensive importers, this firm possesses unusual domestic facilities for supplying all kinds of gentlemen's undergarments, and the high reputation these have secured has made the establishment one of the first business places in the country.

GRAND GIFT CONCERT AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—Tickets for the Grand Gift Concert at Washington, D. C., July 27th, 1871—a list of prizes of which the reader will find advertised in another column—are now selling very rapidly, and those intending to purchase had better not defer doing so to a few days before the drawing. This enterprise, a charitable and patriotic one, is designed for the benefit of two most worthy charities—the New York Foundling Asylum of the Sisters of Charity, and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home of Washington, D. C. The names of the honorable gentlemen conducting this enterprise, among whom we find the Hon. Hiram McCollough, ex-Member of Congress of Elkton, Md.; Mayor George T. Castle of Baltimore City, Md.; and the Hon. James S. Negley, Member of Congress from Pittsburgh, Pa., are a sufficient guarantee that the drawing will be conducted fairly and with satisfaction to ticket-holders. There are 1,000 gifts, amounting to \$200,000. Mr. P. C. Devlin, Stationer, No. 31 Nassau Street, N. Y., is General Agent of the enterprise in this city.

HITCHCOCK'S MUSIC.—No person in this country has done so much toward educating the masses as the originator and publisher of Dime and Half-Dime Music, Mr. B. W. Hitchcock. The catalogue issued by him now numbers between six and seven hundred selections, mostly all of an easy execution, and all very popular. Such success as this publisher has met with seldom follows even the most arduous efforts and the most liberal outlay.

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SOLID GOLD AND SOLID SILVER.—We sell Waltham Watches in Gold and Silver Cases only, but at prices so low, that there is no longer any inducement to purchase the worthless watches with which the country has been flooded. For full particulars and prices, send for our Illustrated Price List, and mention that you saw this notice in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. HOWARD & CO., No. 865 Broadway, New York. The new "Boys' Watch" is now ready. 820-23

"ZOELAION."—This palatable oxygenated Cod Liver Oil cures Cancer and diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Blood and Skin, when all other remedies fail. Large bottles, \$1.50; small, 25cts. Benj. B. Rotton & Co., Cloveine Chemical Works, Brooklyn, N. Y. 820-23

A Lady who was 26, was taken for 18 after a few weeks' use of Hagan's Magnolia Balm upon her face, neck and hands. It is perfectly harmless—obliterates coarse pimples, tan, sallowness, etc., and makes the complexion very beautiful. So does Lyon's Kathairon the hair. It has been tested for twenty years; is the best hair-preserved and dressing in the world. 820-23

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HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer cleanses the head from dandruff. Give it a trial.

THOSE who suffer from nervous irritations, itching uneasiness, and the discomfort that follows from an enfeebled and disordered state of the system, should take AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and cleanse the blood. Purge out the lurking distemper that undermines the health, and the constitutional vigor will return.

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Children's Linen Dresses, braided in patterns, \$1.50,

\$1.75, and \$2.

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Large sizes, nicely trimmed, \$4, \$4.50, \$5, and \$6.

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Ladies' Morning Wrappers, \$1.75, \$2, and \$2.25.

White Lawn Suits, with Overskirt, \$5.50, \$6, and \$7.50.

Buff Suits, \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8, and \$9.

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Corsets, Panniers, and Hoop-Skirts.

100 Boxed Panniers, 50c., 55c., 60c., 65c.

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LOW PRICES:

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Were \$88, \$95, \$150, \$175, and \$200.

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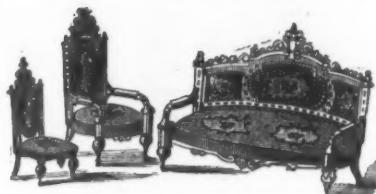
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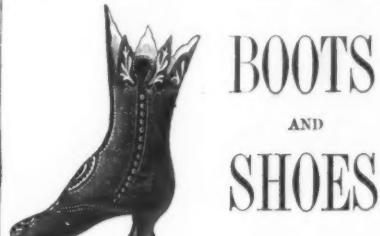
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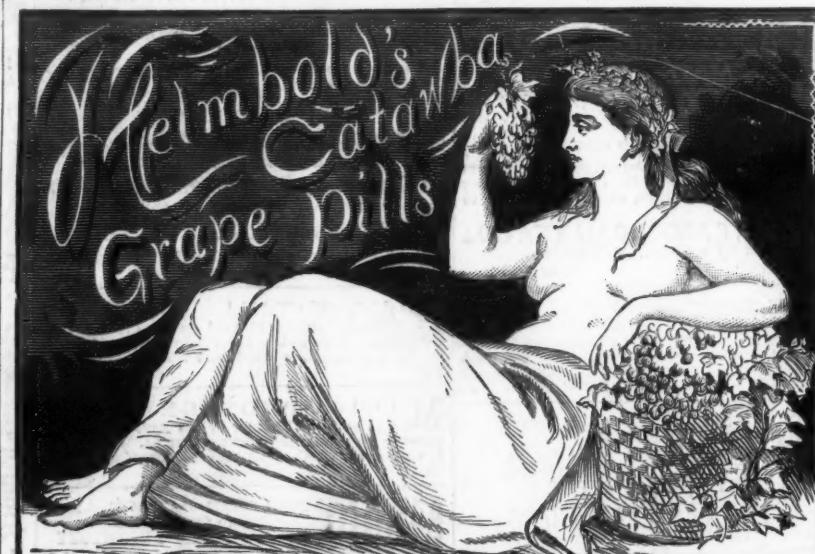
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BEING A NARRATIVE OF CERTAIN EVENTS FOLLOWING AND EXPLAINING

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

CHAPTER XIII.—(continued).

"Oh, you! Oh, you! Oh, you! My lords, the Queen's justices, do strictly charge and command all persons to preserve silence while sentence of death is passed upon the prisoner at the bar, upon pain of imprisonment. God save the Queen!"

And then he listens, still, although the thunder-tone has ceased and that grave face is fading from his sight—listens and looks as well, to see the set lips move and hear them speak, in yet another voice, those solemnities of all mere human words which give a living man to dust and worms, yet calling on the God whose priviledges of life and death is thus perforce usurped to hold the hand of violence from scattering mur-

traverse; and both the large pockets of this large coat are bulky, to the point of being ungracefully protrusive in day-light.

But his way of proceeding towards his destination makes the distance much longer than it need be; for he passes out from the archway into the High Street, goes up it for a certain distance, towards the Nun's House, then turns to the right, down a narrow side-street, and emerges, after two or three turnings, but without encountering a solitary promenader, as there is reason to believe that he fears, from many and furtive glances on either side. Thus he approaches the Cathedral from the opposite side to the Gate House, and also reaches it in deep shadow.

Pausing for a moment, he takes something from one of his overfilled pockets, which proves to be a large Key—though certainly not THE key with which Durdles gave him admission on a former occasion. Whatever its identity, it serves to unlock the low door leading into the crypt, which operations he performs, as also the opening of that door and closing of it when he

throats, by an enormity greater than the worst perjured knight or forsaken priest among them ever committed, and that before and around him will stand, if he lives to descend, a serried line of mortal foes, more terrible than flesh and ghastly as his conjured phantoms.

This may be in his thought, unnerving him for many minutes; or something nearer to the present time may affect him only. Whatever the influence, it sets him to trembling again, brings wild terror to the eyes, and beaded drops to the brow; but whatever it is, on the other hand, he shakes it off, eventually, as it is to be believed that he has before shaken off many a fear more reasonable,—and staggers across the choir to the low door leading up, first to the organ-loft and then to the tower.

For this door, too, the last locked one on his course, he finds a key in his pocket, with the same facility which has so quickly found the others; and opening this, he avoids the curve of the narrow stone stairway turning away to the organ-loft on the left, and keeping the main staircase, black with age, and foul with the dampness

out the brightest of them with that handkerchief dampened with moisture from his mouth! How careful! How neat—far past the verge of cleanliness! And for what?

Then he takes up the rope, and passes down under the rafters nearly to the side-wall and close to the point of intersection at the joint of the cross. Shivering, now, even worse than before, and the great drops standing thickly on his forehead, while his eyes are fearful in the agony of mind they express—but going on bravely with whatever he has to do. He stoops, and then puts down his hand with an obvious effort and a momentary turning away of his head as from something that cannot be borne. The hand lifts a trap-door, some three feet square, that under closer examination would show sufficient roughness in shaping to prove that it has never known the carpenter's hand; while the same inspection would show that space for it has been made by cutting away the planks of the flooring with a chisel, in hands correspondingly unused to the craft of the wood-worker. There are hinges to the trap, but they are merely pieces of stout harness-leather, nailed on, to complete a job as unworkmanlike as ingenious and persistent. What next? Is it here that it is to be locked for, by eyes only too well instructed?

Some answer to these and other questions seems probable, now; for the next moment makes it almost certain that the suffering hero of crime is about to descend into that dark and noisome hole of blackness to which the trap gives access! Descend!—and for what? and to what unimagined horror of place and occupancy? Is it there?—and has the need at last grown imperative, that the hidden shall be explored and the marvellous explained, at once and for all?

He is about to descend, so much is plain, shivering as under an ague fit, as he may be, and evidently suffering tortures to which the rack of old time would be ordinary pain. For he stands with set lips, at the edge of the black hole, and ties the knotted rope, with hand careful and strong, even if shaking, to the rafter immediately over it. It would be easy to believe, looking at rope and rafter, and ignoring the black aperture below, that he was about to close all questions, and life with it, in the quick leap of the suicide, but very different is to be his exit from an existence grown quite miserable enough to warrant the worst. He steps back towards the spot where the lantern is still standing; takes from the pocket of the top coat, still lying near, another and shorter bit of rope; takes up the lantern and commences fastening it to his waist with the rope, after the manner of a miner about to go down his shaft. A few moments more will see some solution of the mystery of all those strange preparations. Will they give the key to the place where it may have been lying for more than half a year, undiscovered, because concealed with such demoniac ingenuity and carelessness?

Crash! Jingle! and a yell! There must be something in this man's life and fate, connected with the breaking of glass and the scream of the human voice. For a broken pane and a woman's cry of terror have blended, not many days before, in bringing about the rescue of Rosebud from his hands; and now, at the very moment when the lantern is loosely held for tying to his body, a stone comes crashing through the round window in the pediment, accompanied by a shrill yell, of which he can plainly hear the sound, and recognize a human voice, without being able to distinguish any word at that distance.

How much he does distinguish or understand, none may know. Does he recognize it as being mortal, and so understand that the light has been seen, and dread human discovery?—or does some momentary horror of the supernatural overcome him, acting like the sudden and unaccountable panic which sends a brave and veteran army flying like herd of frightened deer?

For the lantern drops from the busy, shaking hand, extinguished in the fall; and with a cry of mortal terror he feels for his clothes, grasps them, feels for the door, opens and flees. Down the stair, in the darkness, except as the straggling moon-rays through the small windows give him a trifle of light. Breathing hard like a hunted stag that has been chased nearly to the verge of endurance and must soon succumb. Trembling in every limb; sweating cold sweat at every pore; staggering, stumbling, nearly falling, once and again. He pauses to close and lock the doors behind him, and this seems to exhaust at once thought and nerve. Through the body of the Cathedral, where the light is better, but where he does not see the recumbent statues, now, or think of them as rising to judgment—with that greater terror behind. Down into the crypt, again; out into the open air on the shadowy side of the Cathedral; and the flight not stayed even then—not until he is in his own apartment in the Gate House, sinking in the last stage of mental and bodily exhaustion, and older by half-a-score of years, if the grey hair of to-morrow can give any true evidence, than he was when he left the same apartment, less than an hour ago!

John Jasper has heard nothing more than the crash of the window, and the yell too distant to distinguish words. One at that moment nearer, would be aware that a limited bombardment of the Cathedral, to fierce martial music, has been in progress, consequent upon the discovery of the light in the pediment window by the wandering Deputy, on his way homeward (or elsewhere) from some Bedouin excursion,—and that the practices of the most warlike nations of the barbaric world have been duly carried out, in the fitting of the words of the national hymn to a special occasion, with high poetic power and fervour—the yell, so important in its results, being nothing more than one of the louder bars of:

"Widdy widdy wen,
I sees—a—light—arter—ten;
Widdy widdy way,
I takes—the—old—windy—in—the—eye!
Widdy widdy wakecock warning."

CHAPTER XIV.

BASH MR. GREVIOUS.

THE remark may not be strictly new, that the heroisms of non-combatants often throw into the shade those of the recognized fighting fraternity; but at the worst it may be repeated without danger of working serious demoralization among those who are to be depended upon for



ROPE AND RAFTER.

der broadcast through the land—calling on Him to show that mercy to the perilled soul which mortal justice is not strong enough to hazard all the future by declaring to the forfeit life. He listens so, but never seems to hear. The grave face fades away, entirely, now; the echoes heralding the words of doom grow still; all changes to the nothing that it was; to be again recalled at any hour, and shake with awful tremors soul and body, as if for one at least has come the Judgment Day so looked for and so dreaded by the Ages.

So much has been, and is. But how much more may come, at any hour—whether in imagination or reality! What, if in the first, the fancy should change to that one yet more horrible, and the face of the hangman take the place of that of the judge! What, if he shall begin to see, in advance of any possible actual rehearsal of the same scene, the coming of the dread official into his prison cell, ascend the scaffold, see that sea of faces without any smoky mist to hide them, hear the howls of execration bursting from ten thousand throats, feel the rope around his neck, the drop falling away beneath his feet—feel—oh, God!—Death while yet a living man! What, if among that crowd he should see her face—that face for which he has given up time and eternity, and for which, yet, if he could only call it his, he would give up as many of each as could be crowded into imagination! Could the brain bear this? and would he not end all, at some moment more mad than others, by leaping into that Presence so impossible to meet—so certain to blast the slayer of his own blood, and the false witness, with consuming fire!

And what, beyond even this, of fearful reality? What is it that hangs above his head, in terrible earnest? Whence these things which should not exist in the outer world—that should be hidden as closely as the crime? How much is known—how much guessed—how much suspected? Is he merely harassed with his own self-created fears, like a fool?—or is he being played with, deliberately and cruelly, by that Power which only gives him respite for agony—the tiger dallying with the prey that nothing can prevent its crushing? Question above all—where is it? What has happened to it? What has been taken from it, and what remains? Horror to know, but double horror to continue in doubt, and that incapacity for defence which ignorance involves! And so—

So John Jasper passes silently out from the Gate House, late one night, when this torture has grown unendurable. Going towards a spot that he would rather visit any other on the broad earth, and to do that which is only less terrible than the phantoms haunting him and the shameful death menacing him. The night is a moonlight one, reminding him of another, when he made his explorations of the Cathedral, under the guidance of Durdles, and certain other explorations by no means within the knowledge of the stonemason.

The hour is so late that not many persons are likely to be abroad in sleepy old Cloisterham, guiltless of many routs or revels, and proverbially going to bed with the rooks. And yet he goes out displaying as much care, as to certain details of his equipment, as if he was sure to encounter many eyes and needed to be careful in concealment. He wears a larger top-coat than the warmth of the season demands, especially for so short a distance as that he is about to

pass within, so carefully that an observer of superstitious tendencies might doubt whether he was not the dark-robed ghost of one of the Old 'Uns within the Cathedral, opening the portal with a phantom key held by a phantom hand, and returning to durance after a nightly promenade in the free air.

Once within the crypt and the door locked on the inside, the contents of one of the loaded pockets became apparent. He takes therefrom a bull's-eye dark-lantern, from another pocket a box of matches; and very soon thereafter the glare of light from the bull's-eye flashes among the damp and mouldy columns of the half-under ground and now disused vault, in which, perchance, religious ceremonies of peculiar solemnity may have been held in the days when Rome, addicted to subterranean spendours, held control over the old religious house. It shows, in bright relief at the focus of its radiance, mouldering tombs with dim inscriptions at the circumference of the crypt, and throws others, out of this focus, into that half-lighted gloom which suggests so much more of impressiveness than broad glare; and it makes the mouldy old arches seem sinking lower and coming down upon the head—what time the bearer of the lantern, apparently with the least distasteful portion of his task accomplished, leans against one of the columns, drops his head forward on his breast, and trembles and shivers as if the sudden chill of the vault had struck into his frame and rendered him half helpless.

This only for a moment or two, however. He shakes off the weakness, after a time, crosses the crypt, approaches the door leading up to the main floor, takes from his pocket another key, with so little fumbling or hesitation as to indicate frequency of use—unlocks, ascends the narrow stair to the iron gate at the top, unbolts it (through from the inner side), and is in the body of the Cathedral.

Here, unaccountably enough, he seems more affected by the surrounding influences, than in the deeper gloom below; for he looks around him with evidences of absolute terror in his face, and seems chained to the spot where he stands, as if all the strength of body and mind had suddenly deserted him. On one side, the moonlight streams in through the stained-glass of the transept windows, most weirdly and dimly; and this, blending with the cross-lights of his lantern, may effect him by the combination of ghastly hues which it imparts to some of the old prelate and warrior figures lying on their altar-tombs in the line of light, with palmed hands pointing upward helplessly, and seeming to ask to be forgiven the pride and glory which gave them place. Crime is always more or less superstitious: this man might be shuddering at the thought—no farther from reason than many of his speculations—that something of the life so represented yet lives in those grey and often-mutilated figures, and that at any hour, recognizing the presence of one against whose hidden practices they must have sworn when binding knightly spur on heel or sitting mitre on priestly brow, they may start up from their stony sleep, seize sword or crozier as it lies beside them, and brand the guilty midnight intruder where he stands! He may even go further and believe, bent upon the unholy errand on which he goes, that before it is ended there will ring shriek after shriek through the old Cathedral, compelled from those stony

of many fogs that have crept in thither and never been expelled, comes at last to the end of that stairway and the level of the roof, beyond which, into the tower itself, another leads, of wood and of much less antiquity in construction.

His errand does not seem to be in the tower or farther towards it; for, pausing here, he extracts yet another key from his pocket, with the same ready facility, and inserts it into a low black wooden door at the level of the stair-head. But he does not open it with the same readiness shown in finding the key. Another of those fearful shudders seizes him—so strong and powerful, that it becomes a veritable spasm, sending the beaded drops from his brow, almost like rain, causing him to set down the lantern in very great fear of extinguishing it, and wringing from him absolute groans of agony. Behind that door!—what can there be behind that door, thus concentrating all the pained capacities of his nature, and threatening to send him headlong to the floor still as a corpse, or dashing out his brains as a maniac? If? Who knows, save God and himself?

But this spasm, too, passed; for John Jasper, even yet, is a strong man, in that sense involving the recovery of self-command. He sweeps away the beaded drops from his forehead, with a gesture of such shame as if some one had beheld him in unmanly weakness; takes up the lantern from the floor, and dashes his hand upon the key in the door, with what can only be described as trembling fierceness. This door, too, opens, and he passes into that floored space, between the beams of the ceiling below and the rafters of the roof above, for which the architects have neglected to supply any technical name to the lay-world, but the outer or gabled end of which, in the Greek orders, would be called the tympan of the pediment. A place seldom visited, as may be supposed—nothing less than a conflagration or the bursting in of the roof by water, being likely to send any one thither in the space of a dozen years.

John Jasper is staggering a little, now, spite of his remains of fine bodily strength, and his undeniable nerve; and his face, in its blended fierce determination, horror, and terror, is something awful to behold. But he sets down the lantern, with another groan of agony not easy to designate in character—and applies to the other pocket of the large coat, from which he takes several yards of a stout soft rope, knotted at distances of about a foot each. Then he throws off the coat, and follows that movement by throwing off his remaining or body-coat, standing in his shirt-sleeves, as if something is about to be done, demanding freedom of arm and involving severe labour. What can that something be? Has it anything to do with it?

The heavy rafters, with the stout planks resting upon them and supporting the outer roof, are dark and discoloured with age and leakage. This is the planked floor; but it is notable that in one direction from the door, leading away to where the rafters lower to the eaves, there are little spots and flecks of white, as if mould or fungus of that colour may have grown in the long years of dampness. He moves the lantern, so that its rays fall in that direction, shuddering and shivering all the while, as if with a more moderate recurrence of the spasm, which has lately so nearly prostrated him. He sees the small white spots, goes to his coat, lying in a heap on the floor, takes a handkerchief from the pocket, and rubs

resisting that long-coming Invasion. If trite, it is true; and perhaps none more fully comprehend the fact than those who have oftenest dared bodily peril by land and sea, and thus discovered that there are so many things to be more dreaded. Certainly that distinguished Field Marshal, the dare-devil admiration of two armies, who could never meet his Xantippe little wife without something approaching to serious bodily fear—he, if yet alive, may endorse the statement; even if that other and scarcely-less noted commander, who came home covered with glory from the fiercest battles of the Flemish campaign, to mount a chair in mortal terror of the scampering of a mouse around his feet,—has ceased to be humanly available as a witness.

This is not intended to be especially a record of heroisms; and yet something of the kind may have crept into it, without reckoning the uncalculating devotion of Helena Landless. Something of the chivalric may have made its unexpected appearance among baser and more ordinary elements; it being a consoling fact that nature has the same habit of dashing unprepared for lights into many a dark picture, which she often balances by blurring and blotting those that might otherwise be too satisfactorily brilliant.

Fortunately, perhaps, the Bar and the Pulpit only, of the three leading professions, have been represented in the present instance; unless Mr. Tartar, lately come, may be held to have introduced the combative element in the direction of the Naval arm. But it happens that Mr. Tartar is precisely the person who has had no sacrifices whatever to make—rather that he has seemed to be the Lucky Prince arriving late, after the surmounting of most of the dangers by others, and at once becoming the prospective possessor, for scarcely the asking, of that divine Princess for whose sake all the blood has been fruitlessly shed by the earlier combatants. So he must stand, at last, out of the calculation; and between the Bar and the Pulpit must be adjudged the palm of heroic sacrifice.

It was certainly no ordinary development of the emotion of generosity (the true foundation of the heroic), which could induce Mr. Crisparkle, profoundly loving Helena Landless, and believing that in her possession would be found the best good of a life—to forego any pursuit of her, without a word to indicate his passion, with no belief that she had formed any conflicting attachment, and only moved by the two thoughts, that he owned a mother who must fill to him all dear relations combined, and that possibly his usefulness in the service of his Master might be impaired by the distraction of marriage. But Mr. Crisparkle, as we have seen, was warily wise in carrying out his difficult renunciation. He had no absolute duty which could lead him often into the presence of the woman whom he loved almost to the verge of adoration; and his discipline of mind (nearly perfect, like that of his body) was too good, not to make him aware how much he would avoid suffering by making her already little more than a memory. True wisdom, this, beyond a doubt; as it will always be for any one who utters with a personal application the prayer: "Lead us not into temptation!" to avoid leading himself in that direction oftener than is inevitable!

This of the Pulpit. Very different was the action of the Bar in the person of Hiram Grewgious, Esq., of Staple Inn, whose status, as another of the hopelessly loving, has been already established to melancholy satisfaction; and it is with reference to his action that the question of comparative heroism arises, however that of wisdom may determine itself, once and for all.

"Hiram Grewgious, you may be a fool, but there is no obligation to become a coward! Labour for strength, and even pray for it * * * that you may see her wood and wedded, as you saw her mother, and claim neither love nor pity, as you deserve none!" So the old lawyer had said, sitting in his lonely chambers, on that evening following the rescue from the attempted abduction; and upon that faith and that resolution he had acted during the little time elapsing between that night and another following it very closely, in which his imprudence seemed to culminate—in which possibly his heroism also culminated temporarily, only to reach a still higher point at one not distant day already foreshadowed.

Rosa had never seemed to find so much necessity for him, or so many errands with him, since that eventful visit to Cloisterham which immediately preceded the tragedy, as during that brief period. Perhaps an added feeling of gratitude for the rescue towards the one guardian who remained so faithful to her, may in some degree have conduced to this: perhaps the increasingly gritty state of the domestic affairs at Billickin's, in which speaking hostility had been succeeded by silent ill-treatment, gave her more necessity than might otherwise have existed for seeking the counsel of the man who had unwittingly placed Miss Twinkleton and herself in that mild purgatory. At all events, her visits to the quiet gloom of the chambers, which she always seemed to brighten like a stray beam of dancing sunlight, were even more frequent, at about this time, than would have been demanded by her occasional calls upon Helena Landless in such near proximity; and the tiny notes, in the intervals of the visits, which called Mr. Grewgious to Southampton Street, were correspondingly and unusually numerous.

And how bravely—aye, how heroically—he bore it all, when the self-defence of avoiding her would have seemed a simple duty which he owed his own peace of mind, and when every step of the light foot and every tone of the girlish voice must have fallen like a blow upon the brave old heart, with a pain which the infliction could no more understand than avoid giving! How calmly he schooled himself to meet the frequent touch of her atom of hand, which he felt to be given to him with no more tender tremor than would have characterized it when laid on the head of a faithful old dog that she might be patting,—and which had yet the power to move every pulse of his being with an intensity generally credited only to the young, while the young ordinarily know no more of it than of grey hairs or sciatica! And how he said over and over again, in action, what even the brave and self-denying Minor Canon would have lacked courage to say, under corresponding circumstances:

"Every time that I see her, I love her more and more dearly, with that love which has come back to me from her drowned mother, especially to be expended again upon her. Every time that I meet her, I know only the more surely how

hoping is the distance between us—how I, the Angular old man, could not win, if I would, this darling child who might have been my daughter—and would not, if I could. It might be some men's privilege to run away; it is not mine. My folly has been criminal, and it is only just that I should bear this as my punishment."

The present culmination to all this, came in the manner now to be indicated.

We have, when young (perhaps we have the same when old—only lack that delicacy of perception which instructs us *after* wrong-doing), an enviable faculty of performing acts of positive cruelty, with the very kindest intentions, and not the least thought in the world that we are doing anything else than making people cherubically, or seraphically happy—as the sex may be. Rosa carried out this trait, by taking into her charming little rattle-pate an idea which could not be otherwise disposed of than indulged. And one evening, very few days after the cab-adventure, she assailed the Angular man with a suggestion growing out of it.

"Do you know what I look back upon—not very long, of course, but long enough to look back—as the happiest hour of my trifling little life?"

The question so naively asked, surprised Mr. Grewgious in so great a degree that it actually set him blushing a little, and quite put him out of any power of considering it rationally which he might naturally have possessed. He plunged into the sea of necessary speculation, however, manfully if awkwardly.

"The happiest hour, my dear? The question is a trifling embarrassing, because I have reason to suppose that nearly all your hours have been happy—not of course, every moment—such as those in—yes, say in cabs in which you did not wish to ride, for instance. I think if you gave me a wider field, and asked me what I believed to have been the happiest time for all concerned, connected with yourself, I might be disposed to answer—the hour when you were born."

"Oh, please do not say that!" she exclaimed, with more than ordinary feeling manifest in face and voice. "I am sure that I am such a worthless little thing, and make so much trouble for every one, that the very opposite might be said, with more truth."

"Trouble, my dear?" he echoed, with the air of one to whom some astounding proposition, not before reckoned as even a remote possibility, had suddenly been thrust forward.

"Yes, trouble, and worse! Think how much I cost poor Eddy, who did not love me at all, and think that I should cost any one who did love me."

The Angular man did not groan, as he had more than a temptation to do. Perhaps it was the very age that he regretted which saved him that exhibition of weakness. For the thrust so little intended, was sharp, and it went home. What should she not cost, indeed, to one who loved her!—what was she not costing, day by day, to one who had been unwise enough to assume the two antagonists, Love and Hopelessness, at the same moment!

But what a hero of heroes was this unromantic and very commonplace man, who would not only force himself to endure the agonizing presence of the woman he loved without one thought of hope, but who would not even avoid saying or receiving those words naturally calculated to try him to the utmost! What besotted folly was it to reply, following her self-depreciation:

"Umps! I am an Angular man, as I have before told you, I think; and a bachelor, begin-

ning to wear the prefix 'old' before that name,—so I cannot be expected to judge the passion very intelligently. Indeed, my dear, I do not remember ever having seen any one worth loving, in what I suppose to be the true sense of the word, except—your mother. But I should say—"

"My mother! my poor mother! and she was drowned! Oh, why, why, why did they allow her to drown!" exclaimed Rosebud, breaking in a little inconsequently, and thus making what might be called a temporary change in the channel of the conversation.

"I cannot say, I am sure, not having been present at the moment when the accident occurred; but I was assured that everything was done."

Another interruption, not quite so inconsequent as the preceding.

"Oh, why, why was not Mr. Tartar there, to save my poor mother?"

"Mr. Tartar, my dear?" Mr. Grewgious accepted the change of channel, enough to say, "Of course I am ignorant, too, why he should not have happened to be on the spot; but you must realize the impossibility of any one person being present at the same moment at all the places in the world, where other persons might be liable to fall into the water. Still—"

"He would have saved her, I know! Heaved Mr. Crisparkle, you remember, and I believe that he is strong enough to save any one, anywhere!" came the third interruption, followed by a sudden silence, and a blush which might have caught the attention of eyes younger than those of Mr. Grewgious. Then the course of the channel of conversation seemed to be turned back in its original direction, with a suddenness indicating that the preceding had grown either dangerous or distasteful.

"But why do you make me think of so many things, when I am trying to say something else? Next I shall forget all about it myself! You have not told me, yet, when you believe that I was happiest in all my life."

"Certainly I have not, my dear," he replied, "for the very good reason—that though I believe that no lady is bound to consider it conclusive—that I do not know."

"You might, then!" pouted Rosebud. "You certainly ought, as it is all about you. Do, do, do think twice, and tell me!"

Mr. Grewgious could not have told her, at that moment, had he known, and had life depended on the exercise of his enunciatory faculties. For the unfortunate combination of the young girl's words—blending her greatest pleasure, and *him*—may be easily understood, as well as partially the effect produced. For one instant a mad, delicious thought ran through him, making every pulse tingling, sending the blood like a torrent to cheek and brow, and lifting the sad, patient old heart so high as to choke utterance.

What if—The other words of the mental sentence were never supplied, for before they could be shaped, came the one crushing word, forming a sentence in itself: Impossible! and

behind it rang out two others, used so many

times before, and forming another pregnant sentence: Old Fool! Then the rebellious heart sank back to its proper place, the momentary madness passed from face and frame, the throat ceased choking, and the voice returned.

"Really, my dear young lady," he said, when the voice was clear enough for that exercise, "I am stupid enough not to know what time you refer to, unless it may possibly be the visit that I had the honour to pay you at the Nun's House, to make arrangements for terminating my guardianship. That prospect, and certain other things connected, may have had the effect—"

Fourth interruption, with the pout very decided, though even under such circumstances the little face was the reverse of formidable.

"Why, what a dear stupid old guard you are, to be sure!"—stopping to emphasize with an impatient pat of one small foot hidden somewhere near the floor. "What other time could I mean, than the evening when I first came to your dear dismal old rooms in the Inn, yonder, and when you gave me—oh, such a very, very, very nice supper!"

"Umps! ah, yes, my dear—I understand, now," said the lawyer very quickly—quite reduced, we may be sure, from his mental inflammation of a few minutes earlier. "I remember, of course, that I enjoyed that first visit very much; and I think I may have remarked, on that occasion, that your coming saved very heavy expense in the way of painting, paper, gilding, and otherwise beautifying the room which certainly needed renovating. But Lord bless me! I had no idea that you could have been so pleased with the supper."

"With the supper? oh, why, why, why will you misunderstand me so, or tease me so if you do not mistake what I mean! Just as if I cared for a supper!—and just as if I didn't mean that it was so nice and jolly to feel safe and to be where I suppose that young ladies are not in the habit of taking their suppers, and to sit on the opposite side of the table to *YOU*."

Another suggestion of the impossible, that without the preparation of the previous crisis, might have produced scarcely less effect on the hearer. For no dearer thought fills the mind of the expectant lover, than that some day the form so dear will sit opposite to him at his household table, giving him a feast of the heart from her loving eyes and pleasant lips, at the same moment when he pampered the body with more substantial viands; and there are few pictures drawn by pen or pencil, more sweetly appealing to all that is domestic in the love-nature, than those which exhibit the opposite companionships of the Table and the Ing-Side. But this unfortunate suggestion, too, was neutralized after one more exertion of the patient will, and he was enabled to answer with the same outward calmness of simplicity:

"Ah, I see, as I should have done at first: there were other things than those brought by the person from Furnival's contributing to the pleasant result; and I need not say that you make me proud and happy by referring to the occasion."

"Do I? Thanks, then, for you make it easy to say what I wish to say so very, very much! Did I paint the old bookcases, and paper the walls, and make the whole place look so jolly, just by laughing like the poor little chit that I am? Take care, sir—don't tell stories, mind!" and she held up a terrible warning forefinger of less than two inches in length—"for you have no idea what will happen to you if you do. If one girl's face made the old place so jolly, you will have it all ablaze some evening; for I am going to ask you to give me another supper, just like that, and allow me to bring some one else with me who is worthy of being called a visitor."

"Lord bless me, my dear young lady!" the surprised lawyer exclaimed, his brain all in a whirl at the suggestion, and yet a wild, imprudent joy overwhelming surprise. "Another supper? Certainly. Tick that off, as already arranged. When shall it be? Say to-morrow evening? You approve—excellent. Tick that off, as the time. And for how many—remembering that the place is small as well as mean, and that there would scarcely be room for more than a dozen?"

"A dozen! why, good gracious, you dear old willing guard! What can you be thinking about? It is only Helena, who has heard me speak, so often, about our wonderful supper, which seems to me to have been the nicest that ever, ever was laid,—and who has promised that if you will permit her to come with me and make all the dry old law-books angry by eating among them, she will thank you so much!"

"Helena?—Miss Landless? Certainly, with the greatest pleasure!" exclaimed the old lawyer, literally wild with delight at the prospect, forgetting any danger or pain that might be involved, and springing up with an alacrity marvelous in so Angular a man,—under some sort of idea that he must rush around to Staple's at once, inform P. J. T. of the double honour about to be done him, in the presence of the Precious Jewel Two, and of the Fecular Juneting Triumph certain to be achieved under his auspices,—besides employing a small army of persons to make war upon accumulated dust, rearranging everything in the dingy old rooms, and generally reduce them to a condition of splendid propriety, such as might be considered necessary in one of the great feudal mansions when under expectation of the Sovereign's arrival in the course of a Royal Progress.

He checked himself, however, before actually rushing out to the street to put the royal preparations in progress—and added a suggestion which bore immediate fruit.

"Now that I think of it, my dear, why be selfish, even if I should be quite as glad to have the company of Miss Landless and yourself as all St. Giles' and St. George's? There is room for more than three, even at my small table; and the hotel at Furnival's is running over with good things that are very jealous at not being consumed more rapidly. What say to one or two more—Miss Helena's brother, for instance? He is very lonely and goes out so seldom; and perhaps you could induce him, even if I failed."

"Oh, yes, if you would be so very, very good!" was the pleased assent, with clapping hands as the accompaniment, leading Miss Twinkleton, who entered at the moment, to believe that the Billickin had intruded and been ignorantly routed, and that this was a demonstration of joy at her discomfiture.

"And now that I think of it again," the Angular man went on, "there is another. Why not have four?—making five with myself (Mr.

Bazzard has not returned—so that he will not need to be consulted)."

"Oh, who? who?" inquired the young lady, who may or may not have been entirely in the dark with reference to the next suggestion, taking into account the sparkling eyes and the slightly flushed cheeks accompanying the inquiry.

"Well, the truth is, my dear," replied Mr. Grewgious, feeling that possibly a little apology might be necessary in this instance, for—so to speak—intruding the other person of the party—"the young man of Naval antecedents, who swims so well and is so strong, as you did him the honor to remember a little while ago."

"Oh!" interjected Rosebud, though whether in mere surprise or gratification, the lawyer might have been puzzled to decide, as he certainly did not.

"Mr. Tartar," he went on, "is scarcey so confined or lonely in his habits as his young neighbour, as you are no doubt aware, as I think he sometimes calls upon you—"

"Yes, sometimes."

(Oh, Rosa!)

"But possibly he might consider the little attention a pleasant one, without being at all in the way; and then in the event of any music being considered proper, I believe that these marine people always sing, and he might be able to accompany you, as I think that our young friends, the Laudresses, are not melodious."

Yes, Rose thought, taking it all in all, that there could be no objection to adding Neville Landless to the original three, and no insuperable difficulty as to Mr. Tartar, though she did not speak very enthusiastically (little half-unconscious hypocrite!) of the prospect of the latter's presence. And Mr. Grewgious, feeling that a privilege had really been conferred upon him, in permitting him to make those additions to the company first-named, manifested (grey-headed and Angular old noodle!) something of that pronounced delight in the prospect of the *sorire* of limited proportions, likely to be exhibited by a schoolboy in whose favour a child's-party has been kindly arranged by his parents or guardians. It was to give Rosa pleasure—dear little Rosebud, the daughter of her mother: no consideration of peace to himself, or prudence for the future, could have weighed for one moment against her expressed wish, in the mind of the ultra-heroic and most unwise and Utopian old lawyer of Staple Inn.

CHAPTER XV.

SUPPER AND MUSIC FOR FOUR.

It need scarcely be said that the single day intervening between the evening of making the arrangement, and the Appointed Festal Night, was all too short for the needs and requirements of that day—and that Staple Inn, jealous of the honours of the Middle Temple, which boasts a tradition of Oliver Goldsmith having kept up a singing revel in his chambers there, until complained of by the tenants of the apartments below,—notes this event in its humdrum history, with that mingling of pride and indignation very often bred of the Unaccustomed. The substitute for Bazzard, under orders from his employers below to supply the place of that gentleman in light attendance upon Mr. Grewgious, found his situation anything else than a sinecure during that special day, so many removals and re-arrangements needed to be made in what was before quite sufficiently in order; and the entire culinary force of the hotel in Furnival's may have believed that Staple was about to undergo a siege, and heavily provisioning to that end, from the amount and variety of food ordered to be ready at a certain hour of the evening.

Staple himself may have been astounded, and no doubt P. J. T., date 1747, was so, at the coming in, in the hands of two porters, of a sofa of very peculiar and incongruous construction, long viewed by Mr. Grewgious with interest, on account of its rare oddity, at a shop on Oxford-street, but never achieving the triumph of purchase until this day; and language must fail in the attempt to convey the scandalization of both Staple and P. J. T., when a light van set down an upright piano, and the men managed to convey it up the stairs with such skill in navigation, on their own behalf, that they should at once have been enrolled as pilots for difficult navigation—and the piano itself, from the extent of its wanderings and the improbability of its ever reaching the place actually achieved, deserved place among the Eminent Travellers of the Geographical Society.

The chandler, too, was placed under severe requisition during the afternoon, for various and sundry pounds and packages of candles, fortunately of wax, as had they been of tallow, and seen to enter any one doorway, the impression would undoubtedly have got abroad on Holborn, and supplied a legend for all future time—that a party of Russians at that period held a grand banquet at Staple, consuming unlimited fried-candles as the crowning delicacy of their feast. For these, the ironmonger was obliged to supply candlesticks and sconces, to the extent of depicting his shelves devoted to those articles, and putting him in immediate correspondence with Birmingham for a fresh supply, and also of suggesting a doubt, they being intended to hold the all-prevailing candles, what place in the limited space at command was to hold them.

It will always remain a question whether Mr. Grewgious, in this extraordinary provision of lights, was merely following the tradition of the old royal gatherings at the palaces now gone to decay, that the radiance of wax-tapers was the only one fit to be allowed to show on the cheek of beauty, but could not, being perfect in kind, be excessive in quantity, to reveal the softened beauties of the fairest of the fair, or whether he was merely expressing the general joy of Staples, in the way of an illumination in honour of the coming of distinguished guests; but really the moot is no serious one, the patent fact being established that in one way or the other he was performing what he believed to be the highest duty of loyalty and chivalry.

Not the only one of those highest duties, however. Personally, his sacrifices at the same shrine were little less than tremendous.

There are secrets of the male toilet only less impenetrable than those of the female, so that it may be difficult to throw any clear light (like that of the multitudinous wax candles) upon this point.

His coat, for instance, had cost him hours of

anxious thought and study. He had drawn sketches of it; and, as to his waistcoat, all the colors of the rainbow had been passed under supervision, and compared with the wonderful coat, and the effect upon the trowsers carefully and mathematically calculated. These latter articles, we should say, were the least successful part of the dress, to unprejudiced observers, though evidently satisfactory to the amiable, if unfashionable, Grewgious himself.

But certain it is that Rosebud, could she have seen her guardian, under observant and unembarrassed circumstances, as arrayed en grande tenue, an hour before her coming, and had she applied to him her peculiar formula of girlish wondering inquiry, would have said:

"Oh! where, where, where, Mr. Grewgious, did you get that coat with the collar sawing off your ears, and the skirts narrow enough for a pair of pen-wipers—like some of the prints that I have seen, of beaux who flourished immediately after the naughty, dear, dreadful Prince Regent? How, how is it, that the vest has been laid away so long that it is yellow—or was it originally yellow and has it faded? And why, oh why, did they not make your trowsers the least tiny bit in the world longer, so that you would show a little less of your dear old stockings, and make us fancy that your precious old varnished shoes were the least trifle smaller?"

But Rosa, as may be imagined, was not present at the proper moment for any such good-natured animadversions; and the good old lawyer, whatever trouble he had taken with his personal adornment—even to the procurement of fragrant Macassar for the straight hair, making it even less manageable than ordinary—was not likely to observe either the perfections or imperfections at which he had arrived; merely congratulating himself, probably, that the unwonted refinements of dress had made him a trifle less Angular and so less obnoxious to the eyes of the pretty Jilt Twain about to pass under the escutcheon of P. J. T.

Angular as was Mr. Grewgious, there were some of the details of good living by no means unknown to him—as his own private store of wines, darkly imprisoned below by a legal power which they had no means of calling in question, and only released at the last moment of existence—may already have given evidence to the careful observer. And there were certain maxims which he must have imbibed, other than legal, and going beyond that cardinal one which sends the consumer to his cellar for wine, and to that of the dealer for vinegar. Among these was one pointing to the folly of receiving festal visitors at any moment before the meal should be ready for service; and the wisdom of preventing, for himself and them, that dreariest of half-hours preceding the taking of places at table. As a consequence, in this instance, the supper came over from Furnival's almost at the very moment when the guests were arriving,—brought by the Flying Waiter who had served him on the occasion of poor Edwin Drood's unexpected supper, assisted by two others, subordinate and only less active than himself, and not tyrannized over by the Immovable of that occasion, who was understood to have been driven out of his immobility and "moved on" by the inexorable policeman of the Hadrian district, immediately after a dinner rendered indigestible from gradual stagnation of all the vital powers. The wines, retaining yet the flush of the ruby, the glow of pale gold, and the glint of yellow harvest straw, in spite of that long im-

There may be some who would not have recognized the presence of these waiting retainers, from their very silence. Far be it from us, however, to ignore them especially as they had been dusted and even rearranged for the great occasion. Did not stout Henricus de Bracton stand calmly in a conspicuous place, in his quarto coat of yellow-white parchment, holding out to un instructed to-day *De Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliae Libri* of the time of the Third Henry, and showing that our forefathers of six hundred years ago were equally pleased with Latin and Law, and all the Lore leading to Litigation? And was not Bellewe near him, in antique calf, quarto, but tawdry in heavy gilding, opposing to the experience of Lincoln's Inn the *Cases*, preserved by a Bencher of that legal temple, of *Les Ans du Roy Richard le Second*? And near him, again, was not stout old Sir John Fortescue, literally bulging with the round Latin of *de Laudibus Legum Angliae*, defying translation, and looking scornfully down on an attempt therat lying at his feet? And was not here even richer and prouder legal antiquity, in *ecclastic Cumim*, classically fragrant with the *Twelve Tables* of Justinian and the *Fragments of Ulpian*? And here did there not loom the mighty bulk of *Domesday Book*, most interesting of British records, and invaluable to-day as it was when it first told the story of how many broad acres had passed into the possession of the followers of Duke William?—and the slighter form of indispensable *Keilham*, bridging that else broad gulf between the compatriots of the same Duke William, and those whom he came to conquer?—and the thin, attenuated but attractive presence of that brave and Learned Lawyer, Judge Jenkins, Prisoner in Newgate, upon *Divers Statutes* concerning the Liberty and Freedom of the Subject—about which it would seem natural enough that the grave and learned judge should then and there have been concerned?—and a goodly row and array of others, the companions and followers of those men weighty in the law, forming the peculiar treasures of the scholarly old man who could no more be thoroughly modern in his library than the fashion of his coat for special occasions?

Dry company, these!—and especially as assisting at the reception of three or four young persons who could be expected to know no more of their scope or value than of so many Hebrew tables or Egyptian obelisks similarly placed! But they had been, many of them since the day when there were fewer grey hairs on his head and fewer Angular cranks in his body, the peculiar treasures of Hiram Grewgious, Esq., of Staple Inn; and who can wonder at the pride with which he ranked them even above the unequalled sofa and the wonderful piano, imparting a certain dignity to the dull old place that had now become a reception chamber.

An extensive and elaborate framing, perhaps, for picture of only moderate consequence; for really, as the guests arrived, at that lucky moment which rendered waiting on the part of the viands or the consumers equally unnecessary—they seemed scarcely notable enough for all this preparation. Only three of them, when they came, in one charming group of incongruity—the difference in sex, between Mr. Tartar, nayly reminiscent in costume, in honour of the occasion, and his two companions, scarcely more marked than that in appearance and temperament, showing in the splendid dark beauty of the ruby, the glow of pale gold, and the glint of yellow harvest straw, in spite of that long im-

"Save the man!—can that be possible!" the host exclaimed, under that extraordinary information. "Umps! then it would not be convenient to bring him down, would it? and all that we can do is to send him up such portions of the supper—say a fowl and a bottle of wine—as will not interfere with the headache, and try to make the fifth at table out of regrets for his absence."

It needs no messenger from the upper portions of the dusky old tenements of Staple Inn, to tell us that Helena Landless was, in that instance—doing whatever may most mildly express, in deference to a lady, deliberate falsification of fact! Neville Landless was not in bed. Headache he may have suffered, but his faithful and careful sister knew only too well that the worst ache was in the heart—that he sat at that moment, in an unlighted room, staring into blank darkness or looking out on the night, with no more power to wean his thoughts entirely away from the little gathering below, than he possessed of courage to join it, and thus enjoy an hour of paradise at the expense of an after-week of purgatory. No—the young man, at once warned and strengthened by the late conversation with his sister, was fighting the battle of renunciation more manfully than could have been believed from former weakness; but in that fight he needed, and knew that he needed all the aids to fortitude—absence from temptation not the least among them. Rosa was lost to him, he knew it now, and was conning that most difficult of lessons—*learning to submit*. But he could not do this and meet her often. He could not allow himself to come into her presence, except perhaps accidentally and unavoidably. To sit at table with her, for a whole evening would be little less than mental suicide: to sit with her thus, and glance from her to the man who had now won her, that would be madness.

There had been a conversation between the brother and sister on the subject, of course; and Helena had faintly urged him to meet his incarnated fate and be strong. But she had known, even while speaking, that he was right—that good could scarcely result and evil might follow; and she had left him with a tender kiss, thanking heaven, silently, that whatever of grief lay in any love-relation with herself, had been given her to bear—that there was no man sighing away his life for her, or weakly struggling for that negative good found in indifference or forgetfulness. Thinking this—saying this—in the generosity of her brave spirit, and little dreaming that at that very hour, perhaps, only a few score of miles away, by the dim lamp of his study in Minor Canon Corner, or baring his brow to the celestial influences, under the stars looking down on the old Cathedral—one of the noblest and truest of men was passing through the same fiery ordeal for her sake!

But the supper!—which did not wait for these reflections, happily for the appetite and digestion of all concerned. The supper, at which no Gurney, scribe of the closet, took surreptitious notes, even had the good things, solid and imaginative, been equal to those of each of the *Noctes Ambrosianae*—so that the spirit of the one is necessarily lost with the aroma of the other. The supper, at which Mr. Grewgious presided with suave dignity, the very reverse of Angular, and at some of the more appetising details of which pretty Rosebud clapped her hands, repaying him a thousand times over for

from Furnival's arrived at the incapable stage of *toujours perdrix*. When Helena, marking the last labouring efforts of the host to stimulate his guests by his own activity, regrettably doubted whether he had not laid himself liable to a closer acquaintance than that of the day of their visit with the dangerous chemicals in the jars of Dr. Chippereyone; and Rosa said:

"Oh, don't, don't, don't ask me to eat any more, unless you wish to kill me at once!"—which no one did, to that cruel extent; and Mr. Tartar breezily suggested that four such members among a ship's company would put all hands on allowance before the cruise was half ended, if they did not finish by eating the cabin-boy on the first banyan day.

At which astounding possibility, knives and forks were dropped by mutual consent, and the memorable supper was a thing of the past, so far as solids were concerned. But not so with those vinous prisoners from below, who became free and victims at the same moment, with the result of smoothing out almost the last Angular wrinkle from the face of Mr. Grewgious; and causing Mr. Tartar to go off with a free wind, steering large, on a cruise of adventurous narration, in which, however, he seemed never to grade higher than *Second Luff*, and was often no more than a Powder-Monkey; and making even the bright eyes sparkle more brightly than their wont—not to mention the possible bringing out to view of certain characteristics ordinarily a little more closely hidden.

It was then that, for the first time, the old lawyer caught a dim perception of the reason why, in the inscrutable orderings of Providence, he had been led to gather the young people together in the dim old room of Staple Inn. It was then that the scene from "*Othello*" became re-enacted, less at length than on the evening of the abduction, at *Billickin's*, but still sufficient to have warned the grave old Senator of Venice, had he kept his eyes about him, and to instruct other eyes than his, once accustomed to the close reading of faces in the criminal-dock and the witness-box. It was with a sharp pang, which almost made him groan aloud, and which quite made him spill his wine in the effort at a quick gulp—that Mr. Grewgious saw and recognized what a less simple-minded man might have read an hour before—the absorbing attention with which the young girl devoured with her eyes the narrator, ever and anon evincing by a quick stammer or some girlish exclamation the terror, even in things of the past, so easy to feel for him—the unconscious air with which, frank, innocent, and knowing no reason why she should do otherwise, she seemed to gaze up to him as to the one prevailing master and lord, set apart from all other men, and to be received unquestioningly and completely.

The Angular man did not groan: so much has been said already. He did not even spill his wine, a second time, but sipped, with a hand as steady as the staunch heart deserved to second it. And yet, in that moment, he better knew than he had believed that he could ever do, the difference between the feelings of the condemned criminal, day by day when the inevitable is as yet unreached,—and on one fatal morning, when the jailer enters his cell with more than the usual pitying respect, knocks off his heavier irons, and introduces the priest who is to aid him, within an hour, in setting out on his last journey.

He had thought of her as to be wooed, won and wedded—some day, and by some one. That had been the Indefinite. He saw, now, the man; and he could almost mark the hour. This was the Certain. A week—a month—six months—what matter how long since it was to be he?—and she would disappear, as her mother had done, and he would be again alone—alone—alone! as only wifeless, childless, broken old men can be!

Which of his three guests saw what must have been written on the old lawyer's face, in characters however indistinct, if he was not more than mortal? Not one—to read and understand it as of any strong significance. Perhaps the keener eyes of Helena Landless saw something that seemed a shadow of pain, and that was the reason why she rallied him cheerfully, the moment after, on the dangerous old fellows in the bookcases, worse than the wild animals in the doctor's bottles, who might at any moment stalk out and overwhelm them with a pitiless assault of Law, leaving each doubtful (civilly) whether they possessed everything or nothing, and (criminally) whether they had committed all the crimes in the calendar or only suffered them. But even if she saw enough to excite one moment of suspicion, that suspicion never grew to a certainty, and her tongue would have been the last to utter what could benefit none, and must cause regret to some whom she loved so dearly. As for the others—what could they see? What could they be expected to see, except each other?

Nor was there more of pained intelligence on any of those faces, let us believe, when, half an hour later, they were in the midst of a rubber at whist, in which Helena could not avoid feeling that she was but feebly supported by Mr. Grewgious as her partner—he seeming to play with something more of attention to the interests of at least one of their opponents. Nor when he exhibited the wonderful new sofa, upholstered at the two ends in different materials, cloth and leather, so as to allow what he called "first and second class" among his visitors—absolutely placing the little Queen of the occasion in the very post of honour at the first-class cushion.

Nor when the upright piano found its mission, and school-girl Rosa dashed and rattled away a dozen of beautiful nothings, which must have startled the old worthies in the book-cases from their little remaining propriety, by the introduction not only of music but light-hearted frivolity, into the staid domain of Law. Nor when Helena, modestly doubtful of her few and late accomplishments, but gifted with a clear voice and an excellent natural method, yielded to gentle pressing and sang, to Rosa's accompaniment, the "*Last Rose of Summer*," sweetly enough to bring tears into the eyes of at least two of her hearers—so full was it of the very feeling of winter snows coming down on sunny lands, of true hearts broken by neglect, and happy lives left lonely. Then there came a weird little chant of the Ceylonese, monotonous, and scarcely more than an incantation in the musical Pali, to which the bass keys of the instrument so well supplied the tap of the calabash-drum in the performances of the wor-



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prisonment which might have proved quite sufficient to bleach the complexions of their human imbibers—had already found their way to perilous light and fatal freedom, under the care of the Substitute, who seemed to be marvelously well pleased with his task, and who may have divided cargo, after the manner of stevedores loading ships, putting part on decks and the remainder below, to much additional convenience. Mr. Grewgious had overlooked all, with much rubbing of the long hands, and much screwing of the Angular face into expressions of peculiar anxiety, gradually smoothing a way to satisfaction: he had opened and closed the piano at least half a score of times, dusting the keys repeatedly with his handkerchief, and studying them in their stupid silence, as if something of their musical capacities might be caught by the eye as well as the ear, with sufficient patient attention. All was ready, and even the numerous company pertaining to the household of the host, standing ready and silent for the reception of youth and beauty,

They were received by Mr. Grewgious, at the moment of reaching his landing, with that alacrity which showed that he must have been in waiting expectancy—and with that *empressement*, of an old-fashioned and ceremonious sort, which conveyed a high sense of the honour conferred. There was a disappointment, of course, to be commented upon and apologized for, in the non-appearance of Neville, whose health and spirits, as Helena informed the host, were not such, that day, as to allow of his accepting the invitation for which he was none the less grateful. Mr. Grewgious, who knew no reason (how should he?) why the young man should be indisposed on that particular occasion, was thereupon about to disarrange the whole order of proceedings by going up to his apartment, accompanied by the Substitute, and gently forcing him down, after the manner of an officer bringing a refractory witness into court, but was restrained by Helena, who barred the movement by the happy statement that her brother, suffering from headache was at that moment in bed!

all outlay and anxiety, with her exuberant admiration:

"Oh, where, where, where, you dear old guardy! did you find anything to please us all so much?"

Perhaps the highest of compliments is paid to the courteous skill of the host on that occasion, in saying that he refrained, under innumerable temptations, from sending to Rosa, who sat at his right hand, one and another of the various tit-bits by which he might have marked her as the favourite among his guests, at the same time carrying out his private belief that she should close her dainty lips over nothing coarser than celestial ambrosia. So that Helena was not neglected, as she might so easily have been—and that Mr. Tartar was not defrauded of his opportunity to pay insensible court to his divinity through the medium of the pampered appetite.

But the hour came—all too soon yet inevitably—when nature sank under the burthen laid upon her, and when even the marvellous supper

shippers of Buddha. It made the blood chill, slightly, in the veins of sensitive Rosa, to whom now words opened so readily; she soliloquized, and went back in the sound to his far-away wanderings among coral reefs and orange groves; and Mr. Grewgious, listening, remembered the visit to the doctor in Gerrard Street, thought of the errand which had carried the young girl thither, and mused over the strange combination, bodily and mental, which could make this splendid young creature at once a thing to be loved to the death and feared with equal intensity.

Then, after a time, Mr. Tartar rather drifted than dropped into the chair which Helena had vacated, and his rich, unrestrained, and half-cultured baritone voice rang out—fresh, breezy, and conveying the irresistible impression of brown ripeness, like himself. But it made no allusion, oddly enough, to the Wooden Walls of England, which might have been expected to rise on the ear at any moment, nor repeated the consolatory truism that "Britons Never Will Be Slaves," nor even dealt with the Black Eyes of Susan, and the troubles brought upon affectionate William by a certain traditional disrepect to his superior officer, nor the nautical accomplishments of Thomas Bowline, captain of the foretop on board His Majesty's Ship the Thunderer. Instead of these he sang sea-song after sea-song, pleasantly new to his hearers, as they undoubtedly would have been to those who ordinarily provide for the marine fancies of the musical ear, sang them, roundly and feelingly, to his own simple accompaniment, which seemed rather the inspiration of the moment than any written score. Such songs, with salt air and sea foam in their every word, as had no doubt beguiled many an hour on deck in the night-watches, or in the mess-room, on those far-away seas and lonely coasts of which he had been telling so graphically—the summer breezes of the tropics sighing through them, alternated with the roaring of fierce tempests, the wails of the perilled and perishing, and the thunder crash of great guns fighting England's battles on the deep.

His skill was simple, but wondrously effective; and his auditors bowed to it as they had little expected to do when he began. Helena Landless's tawny eyes grew alternately sad and fierce, as something was to be borne, or something to be done. Little Rosa clasped hands and devoured this new master of her destiny even more ravenously than she had lately been doing at table. And the old lawyer, sitting "second class" and bending forward, first craned his neck as if to come nearer to what pleased him so well, then sank back upon his seat, and leaned his head upon a hand that gradually covered more and more of his face.

Then there came a change—inspired by what, who can tell? The rich baritone voice broke out in the words and air of that plaintive old melody which our mothers must have monopolized, as their daughters know nothing of it—"Alice Gray." Mr. Grewgious's long hand was completely over his face now, though none noticed the fact. The singer went on, with the first two stanzas, and there seemed no breath in the room except his own—older and younger alike rapt with the spell. Then came the conclusion, so blending hopeless love and declining life:

"I've sunk beneath the summer sun,
I've trembled in the blast:
My pilgrimage is nearly done—
My life—ands nearly past.
And when the green sod wraps my grave,
May pity kindly say:
'Ah, his heart—his heart was broken
For the love of Alice Gray!'"

What blind force was it, driving on the singer from one step to another of the sadly pathetic, and each with a pang that he could not know, to at least one listener? He knew as little as the others, we may be sure. It is enough to know that he went on, taking up a refrain much more modern but equally sad and wonderfully appropriate to his appearance and past calling. Neither of the young girls saw their host, so absorbed were they with the singer and his words. And still the lawyer sat, as they could not know—one hand over his eyes, as before, and the other pressed close upon the brave old heart that was suffering an agony never to be duplicated on this side the Dark Valley.

The first lines of the last song rang out, in the full rich baritone that seemed literally to reveal in its power:

"Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown?
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner, obscure and alone—"

"Lord bless me! Please stop, Mr. Tartar, if you don't mind! Lord bless me!—what is this?"

The hand had come down from the lawyer's face, now: both hands were pressed close upon the heart so near to bursting. He tried to utter the words, but they came so low and faint that only Helena caught a sound of them, and neither Rosa nor Mr. Tartar distinguished them at all. So that the concluding lines were heard, in their full burst of sad melody:

"They have fitted a slab of the granite so grey,
And Alice lies under the stone."

Helena had started forward as she saw the gesture of suffering and half caught the words of alarm. But it was only when the last note had ceased, that the two young girls, seeing the sufferer drop yet farther forward, sprang to his assistance, followed by the startled singer, who turned as he saw the hurried movements of the others.

Mr. Grewgious was not fainting—rather choking with that rising of the heart to which over-agitation may subject even the most angular. Leaning upon Mr. Tartar's arm, he rose to his feet, after only a moment, apologizing, in a low voice, for the alarm he had caused, and anxious to dissipate it. He had an excuse ready, too—brave old undecorated chevalier!—not the less worthy because it contained only half the truth: credited all to "Ben Bolt" and nothing to "Alice Gray."

"Dear me!" he said, his voice very low but tolerably distinct—"Dear me!—this is very extraordinary. I assure you, if you will kindly believe me, that this has never happened to me before, and that I will take care it shall never happen again. The room is rather warm, is it not? And that last song, my dear," to Rosa—

"I am afraid that it may have affected me a little, reminding me so much of Your Mother."

CHAPTER XVI. THE BABELING OF A SECRET.

THE Hour has come, and the Man. Not many days have elapsed—bringing the Hour—since the visit paid by Joe Gilvert to the noisome and dangerous abode of the disreputable woman in the East. No doubt the phantoms have been pressing numerous and closely around the harassed man, especially since that defeated attempt at the Cathedral—rendering every hour some new variety of torture, suggesting that any distraction from their presence must be again untold, and making the Man ready for that event already foredoomed.

There have been two days of constant rain, not foretold by Zadkiel in his most comprehensive speculations; but possibly brought about by something done or omitted to be done by that damp apostle, St. Swithin, on his appropriate day of midsummer. To say that London streets have been flooded, during the two miserable days, would by no means do justice to a rain-fall reaching the verge of a phenomenon: perhaps a better idea may be conveyed by saying that the oiled capes of the cabmen, after enduringly resisting the down-pour, have at last become flaccid and flabby, slinking around their figures like so many mantles of soaked muslin, and depressing their spirits to such a degree as even to make them incapable of vigorous lying over distances (to strangers), or whiningly squabbling for an additional six-pence (with all and sundry their sopped and steaming fares). The morning journals of the day, temporarily deficient in topics of thrilling interest, from a dearth of Appalling Accidents, Extensive Robberies, and Great National Grievances, have found refuge in suggesting the organization of an Umbrella Lending Company (Limited), with principal stations at the Bank, Charing Cross, Regent Circus, &c., and substations at every corner of prominence, thus rendering the world of transit less tributary to the cabmen at such periods, besides guarding against sudden and irremediable accidents to now hats and unimpeachable coats beyond the reach of the most effective cab-remedy.

But this drippy condition of affairs generally, alternating with the gritty one of previous weeks, and substituting damp for dust in the town-residences of Her Majesty's lieges, has not prevented, at an hour approaching dusk on this special day, the progress, from a well-known district, E.C., to a correspondingly well-known one W.C., of a small boy, villainously grim-faced and perpetually dodging from expected cuffs; less than three feet in height and clothed in the turned-up and cut-off habiliments of six feet, additionally falling into the ragged strings of their warp; known to an extensive, if not a highly respectable clientele, in his own special precinct, as Nuts—possibly from some precedent possession of certain delicacies of that name, surreptitiously obtained, or from an expressed inclination in that direction as yet lacking fruition.

The pluvial condition of the atmosphere, and the correspondingly watery one of the streets, as already stated, has not prevented the progress of this energetic person, on a certain Mission, with credentials in the shape of a card, pulpy by long holding in a wet hand, but still decypherable as to its legend—the vigorous pushing forward of the small bundle of rags and street-vice, through puddles assuming the depth of rivers to his short legs, and among a multitude of spattering cabs calculated to grind him up between them like the toothed cylinders of a rag-mill, being stimulated by the promise, which it must be owned that up to the moment of reception he has only half-credited, of a bright silver half-crown, capable of depleting the stalls of his bailiwick, of shelled delicacies more numerous than the sands of the sea-shore. But the half-confidence has not been misplaced.

Nuts has reached Staple Inn; he has exhibited his card, after the manner of polite society; he has been pointed gruffly to a stairway, and ascended it, with horrible suspensions of being there, then and thus entrapped into life-long imprisonment for some crime of which he may be better aware than others; he has delivered his credentials to a brown man who laughed instead of arresting him at the companion-way of the Admiral's Cabin; he has received his guerdon, tried it with his teeth before believing in the possibility of its being genuine, at last succumbed to the delirious certainty of possessing untold wealth, capable of making him thenceforth an envied wonder to Paps, and Ginger, and Creamy Joe, and other feudal barons, his peers; and then he has fled away eastward, the wondrous coin tightly gripped in the hand lately holding the card—from the double motive of increased security and the possession of no pocket capable of retaining smaller objects than a paving-stone or a cigar-box.

There have been eleven strokes of a stubby pencil, very unsteadily made but recognizable, on the back of the card. The hour indicated is to be very late, no doubt for additional security against the presence of others, difficult to eject and dangerous to retain, in the possibility of the word "unintelligible" losing a syllable. At eleven. At ten, Joe Gilvert has made his appearance in the Admiral's Cabin, waterproofed in addition to previous costume. He has been immediately joined by the Ex-Lieutenant, also waterproofed, but not to such an extent as to impair his necessary agility. Within ten minutes thereafter they have left Staple nodding and P.J.T. quite unconscious that there is any occasion to Protect Jasper's Tongue against impudent revelations which may tend to Punish Jasper Terribly; and they have astounded a four-wheeler autocrat by promising him sixpence extra for speed and full time-rate for waiting their return at a certain locality where he knows of the existence of Meux and Co.'s Entire, suspects pipes, and can therefore pass his waiting not unpleasantly. They have reached, again, the dark and dismal streets of their previous visit—now the drowned-out and the slopy, with apologetic feeble gas-lights flaring in the wind and winking in the drip of leaky lamps. They have left the cab; they have taken their way, again, into the miserable court; they have again exchanged last inquiries and instructions; they have again separated at the door. Mr. Tartar has once more gone aloft, taking in top-

sails in thick and blowy weather, off Cape Finisterre, or is in the tops, keeping a sharp look-out for land to leeward, in equally thick weather and half a gale going Round the Horn. And Joe Gilvert has once more put his handsome striping face and figure, no doubt his limited amount of gold, and almost certainly his poniard, into the repulsive presence of the woman whose lungs have passed through such stages of deterioration that there are left no more adverbs and adverbial adjectives with which to describe them.

Needless to say that he has been received with whining admiration, deeply touched with greed and not free from suspicion. That in the half-hour intervening since his arrival, the handsome boy has heard the epithet "deary," and the plural noun-substantive (in that case alleged unsubstantial) "lungs," so often, in addition to previous repetitions, that he would be very willing to have them blotted out from the language during the remainder of his natural life. That there have been renewed inquiries after the promised money, only satisfied by its exhibition,

—and greedy clutches, then and therupon, making it necessary to re-exhibit another metal, in a different form. That threats as well as directions, have needed to be employed, in making the alterations in the arrangement of the miserable apartment, necessary to secure a place of temporary concealment. That the greedy old eyes have gloated, and the withered old hands worked convulsively, while the newcomer has laid out, also in concealment, a small glass syringe, and a small porcelain box containing the preparation which is to do so much in other hands and may be made to do even more in *hers*. That the same greedy old eyes have watched, as if life and death hung on the issue (perhaps they do—who can say?) the process of cleaning the pipe from all previous delilements and showing precisely the proper blended quantities of the preparation so skilfully made by Dr. Chippercoyne. That the whole atmosphere of the place has seemed to Joe Gilvert during that half-hour of preliminaries and waiting—wiped, devilish, unfit for the stay of any Christian man or woman, except under the compelling of some high purpose—nearer to certain fearful things remembered among the poisoning followers of Buddha, in a far-away island of the sea, than anything that he had ever again expected to meet during mortal life.

But the Hour and the Man. The Hour is here, and the Man is coming; for John Jasper, whatever his faults, vices, crimes, lacks that one besetting sin giving birth to all others—Unpunctuality. He would keep an appointment, at the named hour, there is reason to believe, with the Prince of Darkness, once committed to a rendezvous with that person of the unenviable name. Eleven strikes from some one of the dingy old church-towers of the precinct; and the sound comes faintly in through the wind and falling rain. Almost at the same moment there is a step on the stair, and the old woman says, in her hoarse whisper, too low to be heard outside the door:

"That's his step, deary! I knows it, hearin' it so many times afore. Get away, deary, get away, if you don't want to kill the poor old soul with fear for ye."

Joe Gilvert hears, and though his share in the fear may be a moderate one, he disappears, without a word, into the place of concealment in the far corner of the room, arranged behind the bed-head and in the additional shelter of a line of ragged dirty white clothing that may or may not be estimated as washed, stretched on a cord leading from the window to that portion of the room. He may be a cool youngster; and possibly reason has been given to believe that he is so: but he must be something more than even this would indicate, if he can hear that advancing step at the top of the stair, stumbling up as his own has come so lately—without remembering the warning of the Doctor, his own early education, and the important interests involved—and feeling some tremor at the approach of the moment of trial.

The step comes nearer—the door opens, without a knock or any other notice (as warranted by the previous arrangement of the hour); and John Jasper enters. Joe Gilvert sees him, in the dim candle-light, through the loophole contrived for that purpose between the hanging clothes: sees him well enough, even though the light is dim, to note certain particulars inducing astonishment and almost pity. His hat and garments are heavily dashed with rain, as if he has been coming on foot through at least some portion of his journey from Aldersgate Street; and as he removes his hat with a swing throwing the clinging drops from it, the evidence of what he was, only so little while ago.

The face is haggard in its lines and leathern in the colour and texture of the skin. The eyes seem bloodshot, and there is a supernatural fire in the pupils, giving the impression of hot coals from the brazier on the hob—of combining fever and madness. The whole contour of the face seems changed—thinned, sharpened, and lacking all grace and roundness. But there is yet another change more important than either of the others named, and all the more marked because in this regard the subject of it has been notable for the attractiveness of his appearance.

His hair, so abundant, dark, glossy and well-kept, in those better days which seem so long ago and are really but yesterday, when Helena Landless first came with her brother to Cloisterham and first saw John Jasper there at the house of Mr. Crisparkle—his hair, so dark and glossy, if neither so abundant nor so well-kept, only a few days since—is heavily greyed, and in sections literally wealed with thick stripes of white, as if five-and-twenty years had suddenly fallen on the dark head and left its impress in that remarkable manner. Such a change, in this one particular—Joe Gilvert recognizes the fact, with something like a shudder, but with no faltering of determination—such a change could scarcely have occurred to him in a dozen years of sickness or imprisonment. What must the terror or agony have been, to produce that extreme symptom of premature age thus suddenly! And what must it be, indeed, to endure the race of fear and the thumb-screw of remorse, at one and the same moment, in a refinement on all the cruelty of the best-appointed old torture-chambers!

"Ye have come at yer time, deary; and the old woman is very glad to see ye again," the crook coughs hoarsely, rising with an effort from her chair and making a feeble motion to assist him to lay aside his wet outer clothes. "Why,

how soaked ye are! and where's yer umbrella? But never mind, the poor old soul—O me, my lungs is so bad, and this cough shak's me into fragments—the poor old soul, as thought ye had deserted her and gone over to Jack Chinaman's there,—or gone to taking it yer own way, as is dangerous, werry—she has the art of mixen' it as it ought to be, and ye'll soon get clear of them shak's an' punishes ye. But mercy, deary, however did yer hair get so white in this little while, like as if ye was old? But ye didn't answer me, when I told ye so to-day, did ye, deary? O me, where's my ink-bottle, and where's my spoon?"

"Never you mind about the colour of my hair, which may have been dyed when you first knew me, and the dye simply gone off it now!" is the gruff reply, as Mr. Jasper throws off his waterproof, and then divests himself of his body coat, as if, all preliminaries having been arrayed in advance, he is not disposed to waste further time in the world of reality where that of dreams is so easily attainable.

"O, we are short and snappish again to-night, all because we want a little smoke so badly! O me, my lungs is drefle bad, and my poor old head is going to split. But here's the pipe, deary, and here is the spoon, and the mixer's all ready for ye!" So she coughs and splutters, while hobbling to the little table, under the window, where stands the "mixer" in its new shape—as prepared by Dr. Chippercoyne and brought by Joe Gilvert.

"Listen," he says, as she is preparing it. "I have an idea, lately, that you are using mere trash instead of opium. It does me no good, or next to none. No more of this—no foisting of miserable stuff on me, instead of the true article for which I pay you,—or you have seen the last of my money! I shall go back to taking it in my own way, which you don't seem to like. Do you hear me?" He has dropped into a chair, with all the symptoms of intense weariness and weakness, though he speaks with his usual determination.

"Oh, no!—never take it your own way, deary—it isn't good for trade, and it isn't good for you! she mumbles and coughs, repeating an old formula found very effective in former interviews. "And don't ye be hard on the old woman, deary, that's got the true art of mixing it to cure the all-overs! Find fault, do ye, because it doesn't seem so strong to ye now as it did when ye was a babbie to it! O, me! that's because ye are so strong now, and it takes so much to send ye off."

"Well, all I can say is, that if you lose your power, I go elsewhere, or serve myself!" is the querulous reply, with the addition, "How much longer am I to wait? Is it not almost ready?"

"O me, my lungs is drefle bad, and my head's like to split! Yes, deary, it's a'most ready, and better than ye ever had it afore, because I've been a makin' of it a little stronger, so that ye would be sure to go off easy," is the reply, coughed and rattled like the preceding, but with the crome still at the table.

Mr. Jasper may have cause to be a shade impatient at the delay of his infernal happiness, or his celestial misery—whichever phrase may be held best to describe opium intoxication! For the old woman, fumbling with her shaking hands, is doing more than either John Jasper is likely to know, looking at her from behind, or Joe Gilvert, in his place of hiding, and with his attention principally concentrated upon the other visitor. She is ostensibly filling the pipe and arranging it so that just the proper quantity of air for steady combustion will be drawn through the drug. She is really taking out something more than twice the proper quantity for the pipe, from the box of Dr. Chippercoyne's preparation, and concealing all not needed for that one "little smoke," in a scrap of paper, and in the bosom of her gown! Is she not learning the art of administering this, which is to make the subject "talk" as nothing of hers can do?—and the business of this evening over, will she not be fully competent to do a little on her own account, if she can only secure a sufficient quantity of the new "mixer," as she has no hope of being able to do through any communication or benevolence of the handsome but imperious boy? So she accomplishes her theft, with the remaining dexterity of fingers that have no doubt slipped cards, or even picked pockets, before they became so old and shaking; and neither of the others, keen observers though they may be, have the least idea of what is occurring. How surely, in the event of a closer knowledge of that instant and the future, the hand of John Jasper would be at her throat, even if the poniard of Joe Gilvert did not point itself at a portion of her old anatomy only a little lower! But this is not to be; enough that we know what is.

"There—it's just ready for you, deary; and sweeter and stronger than ever afore—just a little stronger, so that ye'll be sure to go off easy." She brings it to him, nearly dropping it on the way, in one of her accessions of rattling cough. It is lighted, and the faintest aromatic perfume creeps into the room. He catches the aroma, and rises from his chair, the fiery eyes alight with a new pleasure.

"Ah," he says, as he seats himself on the side of the bed and takes the pipe from her hands.

"Yes, I catch the odour, already. It is better and stronger than you have made it for me, in a long time—more as it was when I first began; and you have been swindling me of late. Don't do it again, now that you see I am in earnest. Let me have this whenever I come, or no more of my money."

He has inhaled a few whiffs, and becomes deliciously overpowered within a space of time equally short as compared with his own calculations or those of the old woman. For he merely says: "It is very fine—charming. I see flowers of all colours, and hear music from dozens of instruments at once. Ah—delicious—heaven—ah!—ah!" Already he sinks down upon the bed, with the pipe-stick between his teeth, his eyes closed, but the inhalation continued and steady with the breath coming in through his set teeth. Not another word—not another motion; he might be an infant in its first dreamless slumber; or, save for the light breath that is seen to heave his breast and heard softly to sigh from his lips, he might be sleeping that still calmer sleep which needs no watching by any below the heavens.

(To be continued.)